THE UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE

Fall 1979

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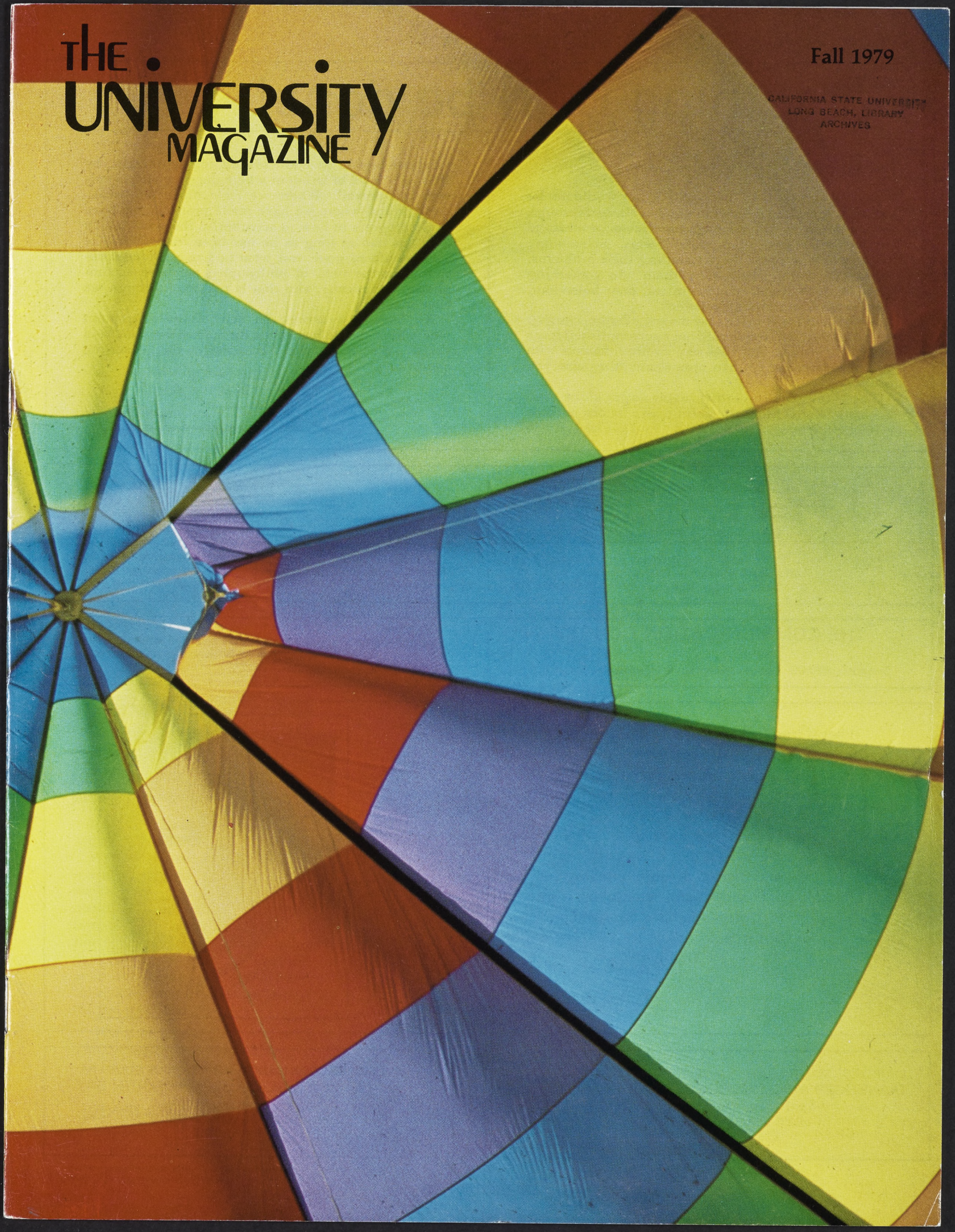

Something CAN be done!

by L. Ron Hubbard

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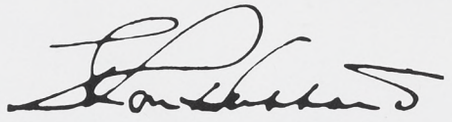

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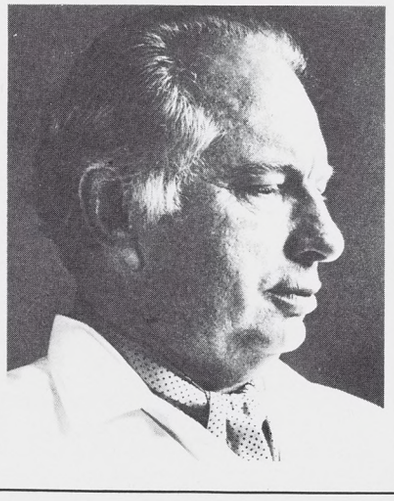
Unless you have observed it
And it is true according to your observation.
That is all."

L. Ron Hubbard



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Like the balloon on our cover, we are about to take off!

With this issue, we've changed our name and our affiliation. What we refuse to change is the level of quality that has led to our publication, the laboratory magazine of the Journalism Department, being named the top collegiate magazine in California by the California Intercollegiate Press Association two of the last four years.

Welcome to our maiden issue of *The University Magazine*. Enjoy!

Jamie Shoop

Cover Photo by Sandra Harrigan

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Ken Corbett

Big Boys Can Cry

Shattering the Macho Myth

by Tina Katayama

"It's a boy!" reads the baby blue announcement.

With this joyful message begins the important task of molding a tiny, impressionable babe into society's model of "a man." "Big boys don't cry," he will be told, over and over again. And before his fingers have yet mastered his shoelaces, he will be instructed to "take care of your mother" while Daddy's away.

Adolescence finds him sweating through his first date, struggling desperately to appear confident, self-assured and in-control. He brags about his sexual prowess, inwardly ashamed of his virginity. He wants to whoop and holler with joy when he makes that winning basket or that winning touchdown, but instead he smiles a "no biggie" smile and keeps his "cool." He's picking up silent cues, subtle pressures that outline for him how to be a man.

The American male faces constant conflicts between his own needs and social pressures, and faces inconsistencies among his various roles of father, son, husband, lover, friend and worker. "As the male role becomes defined by society, it becomes an impossible role—no man can ever fulfill it," says Jack Nygaard, CSULB psychology professor. Trying to live up to society's macho image may, in the long run, destroy a man physically, emotionally and/or mentally.

It was the women's movement that heightened men's awareness of sex roles, or the patterns of behavior a person is expected, encouraged and/or trained to perform in specific situations, according to gender. As women explored the limitations placed on them by the feminine stereotype, men, too, began to see how their humanity was bound by masculine stereotypes. And many began to rebel.

The tyrant was the pure male sex role in America. Robert Brannon, in *The Forty-Nine Percent Majority*, breaks down this role into four subroles: (a) No Sissy Stuff, (b) The Big Wheel, (c) The Sturdy Oak and (d) Give 'em Hell.

The first, No Sissy Stuff, means very simply, don't be like a woman! Avoid anything even hinting of femininity. Don't be too neat—*girls* are neat. And say good-bye to any interest in flower arranging, needlepoint or ballet.

A ten-year-old boy, hurt and humiliated almost to the point of tears, will lash out at his tormenter with, "You sissy!" or even worse, "You . . . you . . . you girl!" And the contemptuous accusation, "He plays with girls," is usually met with loud, outraged, red-faced protest.

Advertisers know this aspect of maleness only too well, and they play on it. "Men are actually hungry to buy scents and cosmetics," Brannon quotes a product-researcher as saying, "but the product has to have a name like Command, Tackle, Brut, Bullwhip, or Hai Karate, and have FOR MEN stamped all over the goddam bottle." A woman's fragrance is selling quite well on the men's market today having been renamed — English Leather.

Perhaps the most harmful result of No Sissy Stuff, however, is the emotional inexpressiveness it produces in men. Openness, tenderness, sensitivity and vulnerability are seen as feminine characteristics, an offshoot of the "big boys don't cry" syndrome. Girls pull out their kleenex and weep during sad movies; boys hoot and guffaw loudly — they're not weak.

In many cases of emotional constipation, a man may become dependent on his wife or lover for his emotional expression, says Nygaard, either to draw out his feelings or to articulate them. Should a breakup occur, he may then find himself an emotional cripple. And, in fact, with his emotions fenced off and put out to pasture, he is alone. He can't relate with his children because youngsters interact on an emotional level rather than on a rational one. The young often don't understand their father's attempts at closeness, garbed in sarcasm, teasing or roughhousing. The man can't relate honestly and openly with his wife or lover because he can't express his feelings — if he still feels. And he can't relate closely with men because of his homophobia, the fear of, or intolerance of, homosexuality.

Surveys show that most men worry at some point in their lives about being latent homosexuals. Thus, they keep a very tight rein on their relationships with men. Instead of an affectionate bear hug, men bestow on their buddies "give 'em hell" slugs in the arm. The harder the punch, the stronger the

Illustration by Ken Corral

emotions. This fear unfortunately precludes a man from forming close relationships with those with whom he may share problems.

The competitiveness inherent in the second aspect of maleness, The Big Wheel, also inhibits openness among males. The Big Wheel sex role demands that a man be successful, competent and knowledgeable. He must, through his skills or achievements, command the respect of others. His speciality may be billiards, beer-drinking, biological research or basketball. It really doesn't matter. The important thing is to do well—to succeed and to keep on succeeding. In the words of the late and widely revered Vince Lombardi, coach of the Green Bay Packers, "Winning is not a sometime thing. It is an all-time thing. You don't win once in a while; you don't do things right once in a while; you do them right all the time. There is no room for second place. There is only one place, and that's first place."

If in no other arena, a man who is his family's chief breadwinner can feel like a champion in his own home. He gains status through this role, but, inadvertently, he may also become trapped by it. He may begin to feel like a meal ticket, like a security object (as opposed to a sex object). He feels compelled to keep climbing up the ladder of success, although with each rung he feels less and less fulfilled. No, he won't be labeled a quitter. "You owe it to yourself," his friends tell him. But, in the process of pursuing success, he spends less and less time with his family and soon feels more and more alienated from them.

The third aspect of the male role, The Sturdy Oak, is more a matter of style. It requires that a man possess an air of mental and physical toughness, confidence and self-reliance. He must exude a distinct sense of manliness: a quiet determination and courage. On the job it means being tough and decisive and sticking to one's decisions, right or wrong. One's physical strength, size and athletic ability often play roles in maintaining this image of manly cool.

The American male, with security and dependency needs like everyone else, tries to maintain this invincible image by denying or minimizing his needs. He doesn't discuss his feelings of insecurity, his daily disappointments or his gripes about his job. He suffers in silence, although he may make a habit of kicking the dog.

Lastly is Brannon's Give 'em Hell aspect, a real man who has "a hint of untamed, primitive force beneath a civilized exterior." He has a spark of adventure, danger and excitement in his soul and a glint of aggression and violence in his eyes. He has a need to hurt, conquer, outwit or humble others. The underlying theme is one of attack; for example, football linemen who "love to hit." This adds to a man's sex appeal. Without it, yes, he may still be a man, but "how dull!"

"Real violence scares the hell out of most of us," admits Marc Feigen Fasteau in *The Male Machine*, "but some men are brought up with the idea that there ought to be some part of them, under control until released by necessity, that thrives on it." An insult to one's mother, for example, might constitute a "necessity."

These sexual sub-roles, if lived up to rigidly, produce not men but dehumanized monsters. Lately men have become increasingly aware of the unreasonableness of these role expectations and have turned to other men, and women, for help in breaking free.

"We should have the freedom to be who we are, which is a mixture of male- and female-understood roles," says Don Thompson, a Methodist minister at CSULB. "I don't want to be a macho, show-off parader at bars or do a lot of things that men do to attract women or to control relationships with women — or, for homosexuals, with other men. Traditional male roles are just as destructive to men as traditional female roles are to women."

Help in handling these roles comes from workshops, classes, conferences, seminars, literature and hundreds of consciousness-raising groups across the nation. Alternatives to the traditional male sex role are explored. Men are taught to talk on a personal level and learn not to lean on such conversational crutches as sports, business and material possessions (stereo equipment, cars, etc.).

According to Nygaard, who teaches "Psychology of Male Roles" on campus, student feedback indicates that this relatively new course is a very important one for men examining their own behavior and their own feelings. Through it students gain a greater awareness and acceptance of themselves.

THE LAST FIVE MALE CONTESTANTS WERE REQUIRED TO RUN A TYPE OF GAUNTLET: TWO ROWS OF WOMEN EXTENDING PAIR AFTER PAIR OF NO-HOLDS-BARRED, FEELING HANDS.

A different kind of liberating experience came to the Long Beach campus last February when Warren Farrell, sometimes referred to as the father of the men's movement, conducted a workshop designed to make men and women aware of sexism and detrimental sex roles. Included in his three-hour session were a male beauty contest and a reverse-dating, role-play sequence where women asked men for dates.

"I didn't come close to winning the men's beauty contest," remembers the Rev. Thompson, who participated in the workshop. But he

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recalls enjoying the date, although he felt strange having the woman in control of the situation.

The beauty contest kicked off with all contestants marching on stage in their street clothes. By the second round, semi-finalists were parading around sans shirts. And by the final round the last five contestants wore only gym shorts and sashes sporting "Big Bulge" and other descriptive nicknames. These last five men were required to run a type of gauntlet: two rows of women extending pair after pair of no-holds-barred, feeling hands.

"That was where a lot of the feelings came out," says Thompson. "A number of the men were feeling on display, like prize cattle being surveyed for how much the beef is worth. We really got a sense of what women feel like, not only in beauty contests but in so often being looked at in terms of their physical attractiveness: their shape and their pretty face."

The reactions of the five finalists to being one of the chosen few differed. One man rather enjoyed the idea; he felt good about having made it to the last round. Another, a macho lifeguard-type, suffered some painful feelings about not having been selected the winner. "He felt some rejection. He felt some 'on-display' kinds of feelings," Thompson recalls. "I guess we all felt some of that. It was like sticking out your chest and pulling in your stomach and trying to be appealing."

One result of the workshop, beyond experiencing what it's like to be oppressed because of sex, was the formation of a small men's group that met weekly for the remainder of the semester. It joined hundreds of other men's consciousness-raising groups across the country and at least 40 men's centers fighting for men's rights (egalitarian divorce and alimony laws, for example) and struggling to break down masculine stereotypes.

The Los Angeles Men's Collective is one such center working to eliminate sexism. "We are men who believe that we can no longer relate to women and gay men as second-class persons," reads the Collective's Statement of Purpose. "We believe also that sexism and sex roles not only hurt women but limit us: we are driven by competition which isolates us; we hold in our feelings; we try to be in charge."

"Thus men are oppressed by sexism, too," it continues. "We understand, however, that as men we have enjoyed the privileges and power that result from sexism. We have the responsibility to change that, to change our sexist society."

The six-year-old Collective is made up of men of all different backgrounds, political persuasions, sexual orientations, races, ages, classes and education levels. It has a core group of about a dozen men, but elects no officers. Group decision-making is stressed. The men work cooperatively and non-competitively, sharing their warmth and supporting each other.

The organization sponsored the Fifth National Conference on Men and Masculinity in Los Angeles last December, drawing over 600 participants from the United States, England, France, Italy and New Zealand. Workshop topics included power and privilege, parenting, rape, birth control, spirituality, body image and the masculine attitude in the arts.

Although the men's movement is growing in numbers with people becoming more aware of its goals and its means of achieving those goals, its effectiveness is subject to debate. Jane Wagner, a Los Angeles-based counselor who spent seven years conducting men's consciousness-raising groups, feels that the men's liberation movement is part of a backlash resulting from the women's movement. "It's not a dialogue between men and women," she says: "it's a way in which men have gone off to nurse their wounds because they're angry." She's found, in fact, that what the group meetings often become are over-long grievance sessions against women.

The sexes are going to have to work together on all kinds of issues, Wagner believes, in order to avoid becoming polarized and make the kinds of enormous changes needed in this society. It is essential for women to be present in men's consciousness-raising groups to make them aware of their own sexism. Otherwise, she compares the situation to a group of white supremacists attempting to objectively discuss racism; without input from the oppressed, their efforts are fruitless. At Wagner's sessions each group is led by at least two women and one man.

Con't on page 32

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The Androgynous Strain: Where's Tarzan? Who's Jane?

by MAC

"I am woman, hear me roar . . ."
—*Helen Reddy*

"Oh, why can't a woman be more like a man?"
—*Prof. Henry Higgins (from "My Fair Lady")*

"Excuse me," chirped the tremulous voice, "could you add ten more pounds to this thing for me, please?"

Turning around, I saw the blonde pixie before me bracing the heavy bars of the benchpress. Above her were 260 pounds of iron. I was momentarily dazed by this astonishing exhibition; and I gawked like a scarecrow until the tremulous soprano again asked, "Excuse me, could you add ten more pounds to the press, please?"

Mindlessly shuffling forward, I applied first one five-pound weight, then another, to the massive load. She squeaked slightly as she propped up the entire 270 pounds with one dainty hand and brushed a stray golden tress from off her face with the other.

"Thank you," she cheeped, commencing with her lifting exercises.

"You're welcome," I said, as I slowly seated myself on the floor to counter a sudden attack of vertigo. "Unbelievable!" my mind shrieked. The curvacious little sprite had just hoisted 270 pounds of solid iron . . . with one hand! Incredible!

But, as I glanced about the gymnasium, I reminded myself once again that it was all too credible. Everywhere about me superhuman feats of strength were being performed with an irritating nonchalance. How could they be so strong, I fumed. Especially *these* people! My body aching, my spirit constipated, I resigned myself to looking . . . and listening.

The noise was maddening, as the grating and squealing of metal machinery and steel pulleys chorused with the grunts and moans of the bodybuilders and the cacophony of rock music blasting from the speakers.

"Pump it up! Until you can feel it!"

"Pump it up! When you don't really need it!"

Elvis Costello's yowls rang like pure gospel as the frenzied pace increased. It was like some Jack LaLanneian ballet; everywhere you looked muscles were leaping, dancing and pirouetting under glistening pink-colored flesh. Biceps bulged, veins netted, tendons corded, while eyeballs popped maniacally, nostrils flared furiously and teeth ground savagely.

"Pump it up!", taunted Costello.

"Until you can feel it!", larynxes screeched.

"Pump it up!", he jeered.

"We don't really need it!", they moaned.

The air was perfumed with the fragrance of human vapors. The heat emanating from the laboring bodies kept fogging my spectacles. It was awesome. It was stupendous.

It was P.E. 125 Body Contouring, and I was the only guy in the class. Actually, there had been two other guys enrolled, but both had dropped out after the first week, probably due to battered egos, weak stomachs, or a combination of both. It takes a special brand of humility for a guy to accept the cold, hard fact that the gorgeous brunette in the orange T-shirt could not only benchpress his Toyota Corona, but do so while quoting from Kafka's *Metamorphosis*. And, he had to have a pretty sturdy stomach to withstand the sight of the redheaded behemoth who appeared to have been assembled by General Motors. Granted, there was a female form under all that beef. It had just been molded into a 1969 Oldsmobile Ninety-Eight. Was she related to that delicate creature that inspired Shelley and Keats? If so, what strange and terrible malady had caused her mutation? Was it contagious?

I realize now the only disease afflicting the voluminous Valkyrie was the same plague that was spreading across the entire United States of America: androgny. That depressing fusion of two distinct sexualities into one sexual ambiguity. Created in the wake of the feminist movements and the Equal Rights Amendment of the 1970s, this pernicious plot against American men and women has contaminated our lifestyles and our minds. It has weakened the nation's moral fiber, shattered its staunch character, and ruined a lot of potentially wild parties.

Ever since all of this equality nonsense appeared on the scene, life in these United States has assumed the quality of a tacky grade "C" science-fiction movie. Phrases like, "free to be you and me" pop into our vocabulary with all the meaningfulness of a Farrah Fawcett-Majors film. Free to be you and me . . . ptoooooey! What about "he" and "she"? Where do they fit in this hermaphroditic twilight zone? After enduring the agony of puberty (and enjoying the rewards, afterwards), I, for one, would like to be assured I'll not be shunted off to Siberia with a subscription to *Playboy* for my troubles.

Illustrations by the Author

I have no quarrel with those desiring equality. It's only right people should fulfill themselves as total human beings. If a man wishes to express himself in the kitchen, amidst pots and pans, fine. I, myself, occasionally like to cook up a little coq au vin, served with a full-bodied Cabernet; and I really can't help bragging about my peaches melba (so sinfully delicious, you have to give up your tongue for Lent). And, if a woman would rather be calling plays out on the football field, you won't find me standing in her way.

My big gripe is that if people want to seesaw back and forth between traditional male-female roles, why must they foresake their dignity in the process?

For instance . . .

In *Esquire's* recent October issue, the cover story dealt with the changing attitudes of young men under thirty. Basically, a poll was taken and the results showed a substantial number of males didn't like the nine-to-five-wife-and-kids, mortgage-on-the-two-cars-in-the-garage, retire-and-expire-at-sixty-five game plan. They'd rather get in touch with their feelings and play tennis all day. No problem there . . . who wouldn't want to spend the whole day out on the courts away from the rat race? But, these racqueteers of remiss also want to be *loved.* They want, they need, oh God, they've just got to have *deep meaningful relationships* with women! Oh, so desperately do they want to understand and be understood by the fair sex, they wring their hands and fret like agonized nuns. Liberated dudes also want close personal relationships with their fellow man. It raises their consciousness and also keeps the ladies on their toes.

Mr. Sensitivity doesn't care about making lots of money and driving a Porsche. Not when he can partake in the joyful rearing of his offspring, showering them with Fatherly Love. Changing his image from stern disciplinarian and cold, invisible breadwinner, Progressive Papa is a warm, caring parent, interested in everything from breastfeeding to making sweaters and socks for his little lambs.

Coincidentally, in the same issue, just a few pages after *man*kind's true confessions, the "New Woman" poses before the reader like a Charles Atlas nightmare. The lady's name is Lisa Lyons, and she's currently the only girl bodybuilder at the famous Gold's Gym in Santa Monica. Sculptured like Michelangelo's David, this amazon can deadlift (that's straight up from the ground fellas) 265 pounds! But can she cook?

If I'd not known any better, I might have suspected some photographic hanky-panky, like pasting a girl's head onto the body of a gorilla. But, I'd actually seen Ms. Lyons do her thing on the Merv Griffin show, and even then I checked my *TV Guide* to make sure I wasn't viewing an *Outer Limits* rerun.

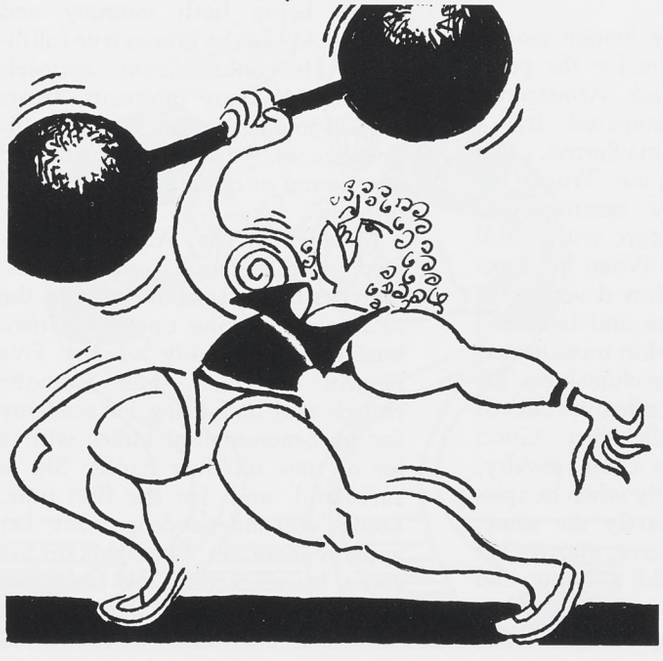
Another nightmare that haunts me is the debauchery called Male Exotic Dancing. It's hard to believe that women are so wanton that they're thrilled by a man's naked *tush.* The fault lies not with the tempted, but with the tempters who flaunt their hairy anatomies. I'm not sure, but I believe the fall of the Roman Empire started this way. At any rate, I'm positive if God had intended man to wear a G-string, He would have given him a pocket to carry it in.

These illustrations are glaring proof of the threat to the masculinity and femininity of millions of Americans everywhere. Equality and the liberation of the sexes is one thing, but when a fellow has to worry about a girl getting *him* in trouble . . . a loud cry of "Time out!" should ring out above the fruited plain. Personally, it's not morning sickness that bothers me so much as finding a muu-muu that would match my baby blue eyes.

What does the future hold in store for America's coming generations? If we stay on our present course, tomorrow's youth may not only be sharing the same restrooms, but they may be using the same contraceptives.

Conditioning the little toddlers has already begun to prepare them

Could this be the fair creature that inspired Keats?



I believe this had something to do with the fall of Rome's Empire!

Not quite the same as mother's milk, but give him time!

She was strong! She was invincible! Ahh, but could she cook?

for society's ping-pong game between the sexes. Today, children's toys are strictly sterile, non-sexist amusements. Computer games and puzzles inundate the market, joining the antiseptically neuter Frisbee, pogo stick and skateboard.

In tomorrow's unisexual utopia, Toyland ravaged by an ERA *blitzkrieg* is a hermaphrodite's hygenic heaven. It is a transsexual treasure chest of electronic gadgets and games, as well as harmless stuff like building blocks, marbles, sand and dolls. Yes, dolls weathered the storm, although they too emerged with a newly raised consciousness. Indeed, some familiar faces were altered so drastically by the plastic surgeon's knife, they resemble not a whit their former selves.

Remember Barbie and Ken? Well, they're still around, only they're no longer together.

Barbie, now called Ms. Barbie, is flat-chested and a member of the Women's Coalition Against Violence Against Women. Garbed in a khaki-green jumpsuit, a black beret and matching boots, this *femme* is *tres fatale*. She boldly displays a chest-band emblazoned with "Women Take Back the Night!" and is equipped with an arsenal containing one can of mace, one foot-long billy club, one rape whistle, and a manual: *"Emasculation: A Necessary Precaution."* This cookie's one tough doll, and can be found in fine gun shops and hardware stores everywhere.

By the way, if Barbie's uniform looks suspiciously familiar, it used to belong to Hasbro's G.I. Joe. Joe's a civilian now, released from duty under charges of fondling his M-6 in times of war, taking it into sleazy bars and whispering lewd suggestions into its firing chamber during times of peace. An extremely bitter Vietnam veteran doll, Joe shares an attic somewhere in Pacific Palisades with Ken, Barbie's ex, living an alternate lifestyle. Ken, chief hairdresser for Mattel Toys, is currently waging a court battle with his former spouse for custody of their wardrobe.

Meanwhile, in the *human* world, life is no less bizarre for the post-ERA generation. Jack Armstrong, now totally unhampered by a pseudo-masculine machismo, can finally let it all hang out. True to his nature, he is a shy, sensitive and compassionate creature with a full range of emotions. When he snags the cord from his blow dryer on his platform heels, trips and falls into his jar of avocado skin moisturizer, he giggles at his own clumsiness. He arrives at the discotheque decked out in Fiorucci silk shirt, Gucci shoes and glittering chain jewelry, and fumes indignantly when he spies a rogue attired exactly the same. When he meets his love, marries her and begins to build a home and family, he knows true bliss. But, when wifey packs up and leaves him with the kids and dirty dishes, he boo-hoo-hoos big sloppy tears. Seeking solace and companionship, he rents a beach house and arranges nightly group encounters with other matrimonial Kleenexes. They sit around, chew the fat, go shopping, and exchange a few recipes.

During this period, Jack enjoys a very real and dear closeness with his own kind. Sometimes he gets a little too close; things get out of hand, and the vice squad busts in and raids the place because he forgot to draw the shades. Not everybody appreciates closeness. Once divorced, Jack retains custody of the kids, and enjoys being both mommy and daddy. At last, he knows true fulfillment. He cooks, cleans, counsels and, in his spare moments, treats himself to a new perm. Happy in his domesticity, he lives to a ripe old age, sound of mind and dishpanned of hands.

Meanwhile, Ms. America, liberated of all familial obligations, marches toward her nirvana as the *total* woman. She opens her own business: Our Lady of the Five Fingers of Death—half Catholic church and half Kung Fu academy for post-menopausal ladies with a lot of time on their hands. She is successful, and, for the first time, knows real independence. But, her appetite increases. She fights for her cause by discarding old-fashioned images of femininity. She reshapes old ideals and forms a new set of

values. A woman's beauty lies not in a Max Factor compact, but in her soul and spirit, necessitating a redefinition of feminine pulchritude. She refuses to pamper puerile male fantasies, nor will she be a slave to clothes designers and cosmetic merchants. Disdaining the frilly fashions, the perfumes, and the coiffured hairstyles, Ms. Liberty clads herself in worn dungarees, faded tank tops and shabby thongs. She can't be bothered with niceties like shaving her underarms and legs. Besides, with more important things to do (like reform the world), who's got the time? And, as far as having children ... no lugging around a human basketball for this lady, uh-uhh! Who needs all that pain and inconvenience? And those telltale stretch marks, whatta drag! Nooo, this mama has better ways to spend her time.

Like, maybe a career in sports. A real jock, she'll be involved in all forms of athletics. She'll excel at football, baseball, basketball, soccer, hockey, skating, skiing, tennis, golf, handball, volleyball, squash, lacrosse, ping-pong, track and field, bodybuilding, weightlifting, hog lifting, cattle roping, steer jumping, boxing, judo, karate, alligator wrestling, darts, checkers, strip poker —— everything! Ms. Superjock proves herself to be a champion athlete. She also proves she can sweat and stink as well as any man. She is invincible, she is ... ?

What the hell is she, anyhow? Whatever she is, I hope she's downwind of me. If this is what Susan B. Anthony had in mind when she battled for women's rights, I vote we stick with paper money. Was this all part of the plan Friedan began? Is this Frankensteinm creation, in essence, the liberated woman?

And what about the liberated male? Did John Wayne make all those movies for nothing? Will the Marines have to change their campaign to "We're looking for a few *men* ... anywhere!" Will Vidal Sassoon become the new male sex symbol? If he does, will he charge higher prices for his shampoo and conditioner?

I don't know the answers to these questions and maybe they should not even be asked. But, I'm not sure I can accept (at least on a full stomach) a society where the men are a bunch of soft-hearted ninnies and the women are anthropoidal brutes. Call me a prude, a chauvinist or a neurotic, but, ladies and gentlemen, boys and girls, we are fooling with that which should not be fooled with. When men start dancing in striptease cages, and women begin prancing on boxing ring stages, cannot Armageddon be far behind? True, I might just be Chicken Little, but when Henny Penny and Cocky Locky are engaged in some hanky-panky, it's not hard to believe the sky is falling.

As I sat there on the gymnasium floor, mulling over America's dubious future, I noticed the blonde weightlifter. She was performing isometric push-ups on her pinkies. Maybe she could help me sort it all out. I rose from my cramped position and began toward her. Suddenly, my life was in peril as a huge medicine ball, rocked by the quaking floor, rolled off its supports and thundered my way. "Yaaaahhhh!" I screamed, as 200 pounds of rolling death rumbled towards me. Suddenly, I felt myself scooped up by mighty arms and hoisted from the monstrous marble's path. Out of harm's way, I looked down into the eyes of my savior. It was the tiny blonde. Setting me down, she brushed me off and asked if I was okay. I flushed and sank to my knees, wrapping myself around one of her well-contoured thighs and gushed, "My heroine!"

She smiled, and again inquired of my condition. I told her I was all right thanks to her, but my right foot was touched with a spasm and I felt a little faint. She lifted me once more in her brawny arms and toted me to the nurse's office.

Relaxing in her powerful grasp, I began to have second thoughts about my fears. Perhaps, all this equality stuff did have its advantages. But, I'd discuss all that with her Friday night, over some Cabernet and a serving of my coq au vin a la Stouffers.

'Strong 'n Silent' was out!
tantrums were in!

Vidal Sassoon: Tomorrow's macho man?
Only his hairdresser knows for sure!

Sun Power: Energy for the Taking

by Mercy Nickerson

There is nothing new about solar energy. It's been around as long as the sun, after all. But what is new is the modern attitude toward its potential in supplying power in an energy-scarce age — cooling and heating us at minimal expense in a time of soaring energy costs.

Of all the sources of energy known to man and available for use, solar energy holds the most promise. Besides being clean, it is nonpolluting, all but inexhaustible, and can be found in large amounts all over planet earth.

Every day the earth is showered with energy from the sun's rays. As soon as these beams of light strike the earth and touch an object, it's immediately turned to heat energy. The object which received the radiation or light beam has experienced the interior reshifting of molecules and is now the holder of energy and heat. In turn, it acts as a transmitting agent to surrounding materials.

With the exception of nuclear power, all of our energy—wind, wave, and hydroelectric—is derived from the sun. This includes fossil fuels, such as petroleum and coal, which are rapidly being depleted from the earth, and whose prices are soaring. Solar energy cannot be metered; after the initial cost of installing a solar system, the expense of using solar energy is virtually nil. Is it any wonder that people are turning to solar energy to heat their homes and water?

And now, solar energy is about to make its debut at CSULB. Before the year is over, the university's physical education department should be enjoying the benefits of a solar heating unit for its swimming pool. The installation of this system represents a victory for the campus' solar energy activists—among them Sabri Sungu, professor of mechanical engineering at CSULB.

ONE INCENTIVE FOR INSTALLING A SOLAR ENERGY SYSTEM IS THAT THE CALIFORNIA LEGISLATURE GRANTED A HOMEOWNER TAX CREDIT EQUAL TO 55% OF THE COST OF THE SYSTEM.

Professor Sungu, a gray-haired, middle-aged man with a warm and friendly manner, advocates using solar power whenever and wherever possible, and foresees a great number of people making use of it in the near future. Since his arrival at CSULB in 1961, he has promoted the idea of solar energy systems for the university.

Says Sungu of the new system, "Not only is this going to save the university a great amount of money each year, but the collector panels which gather the sun's heat are made out of mirrors and are beautiful to look at. The swimming pool system," he adds, "has parabolic panels, which are concentrated collector panels, thus increasing the temperature up to 230 degrees, where the regular panels bring the temperature up to only a 160-degree maximum."

Talking about solar energy with him is like igniting a fire without a match. He is so completely sold on it that he designed and built his own solar-heating unit for his home in Long Beach a few years back. And he has been enjoying its many benefits ever since. "Eventually, I believe that people will be forced to have solar heating systems, and in particular, every new building," Sungu declares. "We have to change our habits and learn to conserve energy before conventional sources are depleted."

One of the cheapest and easiest solar systems to install is a solar water heater. It costs about $1,000 and provides water for the dishwasher, laundry and showers. It

Glazing—One or two sheets of glass or transparent plastic are used, usually double strength (1/8 inch window glass, although 3/16 or 1/4 inch may be used if the size of the pane is too large for local building codes). Tempered glass is suggested because of its resistance to breakage, but the extra cost may not be justified in some applications. The glass must be installed with gaskets or caulking which provides enough flexibility for the glass to expand when it's heated and to contract when it cools.

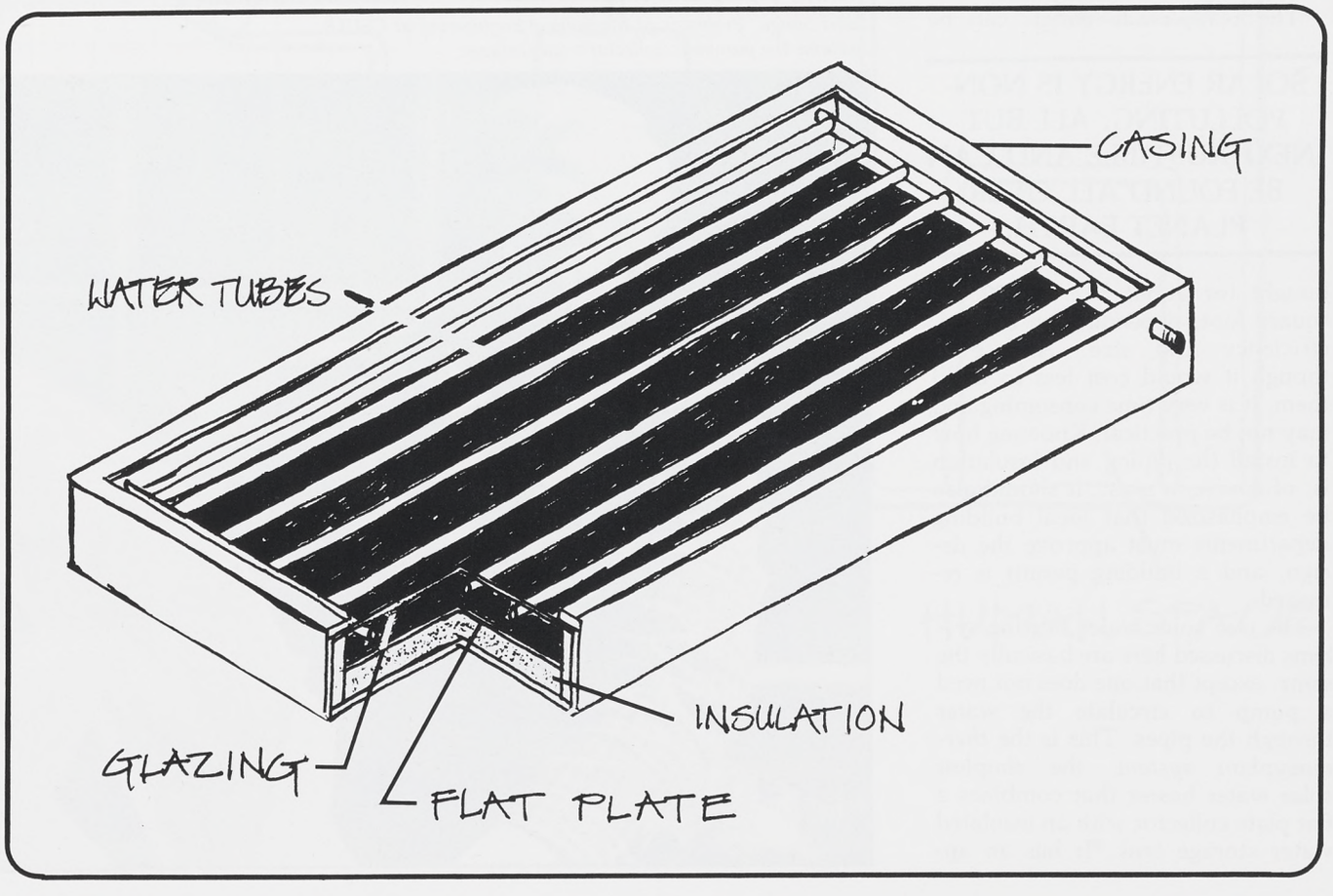
Water Tube—It can be built in either a zigzag or a grid pattern. Copper tubing is preferable, usually with an inside diameter of 1/2 inch. Some manufacturers are using aluminum tubing and steel piping because they are cheaper, but copper is better because it is corrosion-resistant and easier to install.

Flat Plate—This may be constructed of any metal (copper, aluminum or steel) that has good thermal conductivity and is reasonably priced. (Thin copper sheeting, .01 inch thick, is usually preferred because it resists corrosion and has high thermal conductivity properties.) In building the flat plate collector, the middle plate, which is called the "absorber," must be coated with radiation-absorbing paint (Pittsburg Plate Glass PPG Duracron Super 600 flat black coating or 3M's Solar Energy absorbing black paint). If painted, it should be properly primed before the black coating is applied. Flat black paint, properly applied to prevent peeling, will be satisfactory for ordinary domestic water heating collectors. (It should be noted that if the paint is applied too thick it will reflect the heat and not absorb it.)

Insulation—Any low-conductivity material that is available and can withstand high temperatures up to 225 degrees Farenheit is acceptable. In the U.S., glass/wool is the most widely used insulator. Insulation blankets; the shiny foil surface should be installed facing the absorber.

Casing—It holds the collector together and with the glazing, makes the flat plate collector water- and dust-proof. A simple wooden box painted and fitted with hardboard base will do. Factory-built collectors usually have casings made of sheet metal, are rust proofed and painted to resist deterioration.

The Panel Components



also doesn't need large storage backup provisions, and the regular water heater can be used when the days are cloudy and the sun's rays are not shining through—approximately 100 days of the year. The tank of a regular water heater can serve for storage if the thermostat and burner are turned off. There is no essential difference between the system and a regular water heater, except that it's really a nuts-and-bolts operation, and the system can be built by virtually anyone with basic home maintenance skills.

Most materials can be purchased at the local hardware store, although the collector panels which pick up the sun's rays can be bought already assembled. Dr. Sungu warns that all hardware — solar collectors, storage tank, pump, etc. — should be bought from reputable suppliers, and warranties should be requested to avoid future problems.

The panels (flat plate collectors) are usually 4 ft. x 8 ft., and are the most important part of the system. For a household of four, two collector panels (40 to 60 square feet total area) would be sufficient to heat 70 gallons of water a day. Unless do-it-yourself skills include soldering and carpentry, it is advisable to buy them from the manufacturer.

The ready-made panels can be bought for about $12 to $20 per square foot, depending on quality, efficiency and size. And even though it would cost less to build them, it is very time consuming and may not be practical. Knowing how to install the piping and insulation is, of course, a must. It should also be emphasized that local building departments must approve the design, and a building permit is required.

SOLAR ENERGY IS NON-POLLUTING, ALL BUT INEXHAUSTIBLE AND CAN BE FOUND ALL OVER PLANET EARTH.

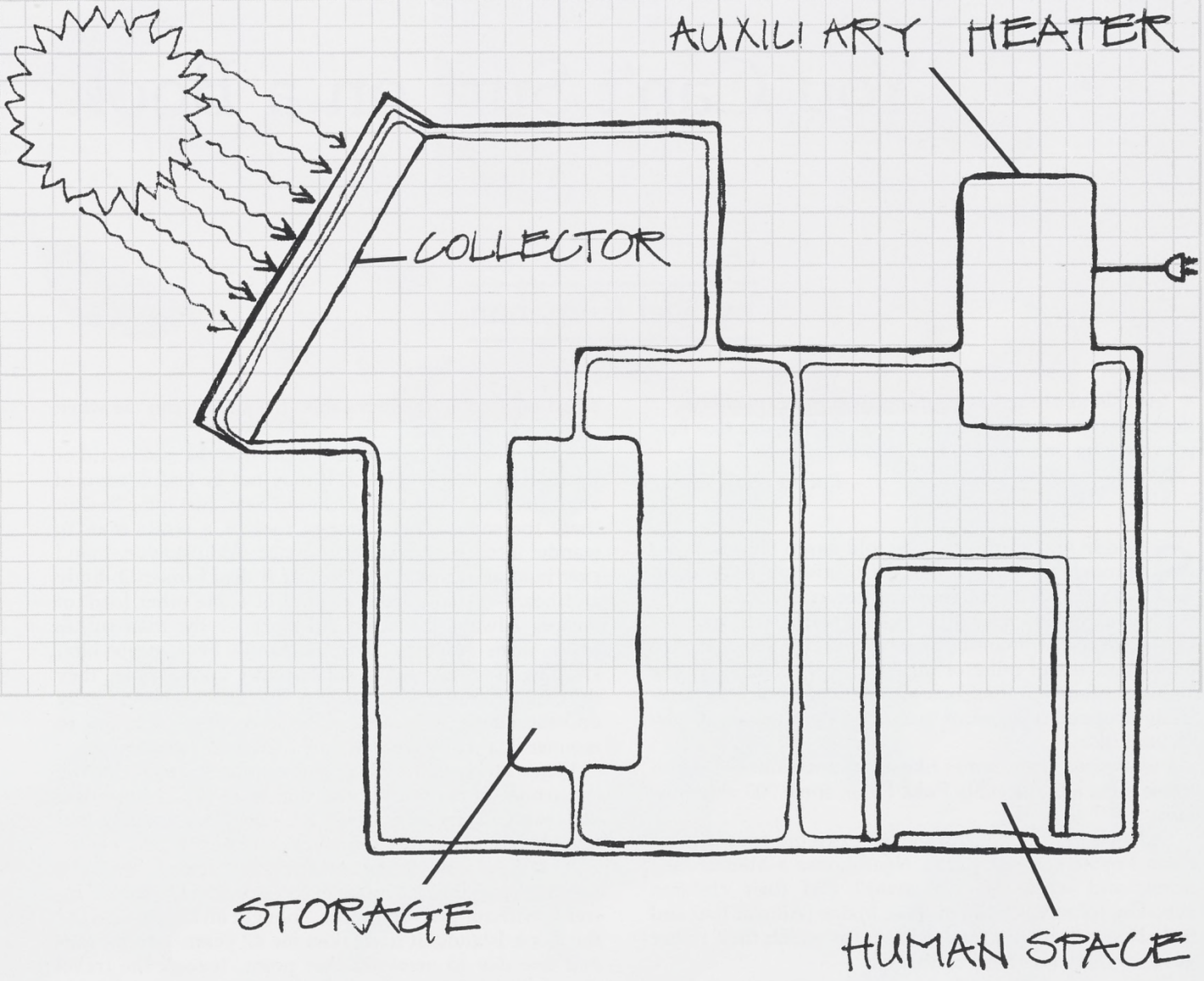
The two solar water heating systems discussed here are basically the same, except that one does not need a pump to circulate the water through the pipes. This is the *thermosyphon system,* the simplest solar water heater that combines a flat plate collector with an insulated water storage tank. It has an approximate 80-gallon capacity and must be mounted high enough above the collector that the sun's heat can force the water into it. The system works on the principle that hot water rises. Subsequently, as the supply water enters at the bottom of the panels, and is heated by the sun, the water rises to the top of the panel and then flows out. This action continues as long as the sun shines on the collector. It could be installed on the roof, but other areas might be preferred for the sake of aesthetics. In a sunny location free from shadows, a 4 ft. by 8 ft. collector will give 40 to 50 gallons of hot water per day and the temperature of the water in the upper part of the tank will vary from 165 degrees on a hot summer day to 150 degrees on a cold winter day. In places where freezing weather occurs, provisions should be made for a heat exchanger and antifreeze.

A small hot-water circulating pump marks the difference between the *force-feed* system and the *thermosyphon system.* This pump, which circulates water between the collector and the storage tank (or existing heater), can be purchased from W.W. Grainger Co. in Los Angeles. Keep in mind that water tanks, piping and collector must be well-insulated to prevent heat from escaping. The water tank, however, can be placed anywhere that's convenient.

Mention should be made of one incentive for installing a solar energy device. Two years ago, the California legislature granted a homeowner tax credit equal to 55 percent of the cost of solar heating system (up to a maximum of $3,000 for a single-family home). Don't confuse this with a standard deduction. The money is actually subtracted from the total of state taxes owed after all other deductions have been made. If the expense is less than $3,000, the unused part of the credit can be carried over to another year.

Professor Sungu recommends two books written in layman's language on the subject. They are *Solar Home Book,* by Bruce Anderson, and *How to Build a Solar Heater,* by Ted Lucas. Moreover, Sungu is offering a three-week solar energy course starting Saturday, January 5 at CSULB. It will introduce students to solar-power theory and provide them with sufficient knowledge to build their own home units. He looks forward to a big turnout and suggests calling (213) 498-5561 for more information.

Sabri Sungu, Professor of Mechanical Engineering at CSULB, explains the parabolic collector's advantages.


AUXILIARY HEATER
COLLECTOR
STORAGE
HUMAN SPACE

Damn You, Robert Dean Frisbie!

You Can't Surf on a Book

by Mel Kernahan

"An island attracts one strangely and inexplicably . . . the charm may be engendered by the knowledge that here is something one might acquire in its entirety."

—Robert Dean Frisbie

Shuddering, protesting, the old cargo ship plunged through the pass in the reef to grapple once again with the turbulent southern ocean beyond.

I leaned against the rail and gazed ahead with the eyes of the veteran romantic. Somewhere out there, strewn over hundreds of miles of lonely, moody Pacific lay the 14 outer islands of the Cook group like bits of litter carelessly dropped millions of years ago by a troupe of picnicking tikis.

I whispered their names like an incantation. Oh, God, to see them all, especially Puka Puka, some 700 miles distant.

Did its lagoon still mirror the stars as it did when Robert Dean Frisbie courted young Ngatokorua-a-Mataa, then drank and wrote his life away? Did their children Whiskey Johnny, Hardpan Jake, Elaine (Alkalai Ike) and little Nga still live in these islands for which their father gave up the land of his birth?

Frisbie was dead, and so were the other South Seas writers so necessary to my fantasies. The youth I should have used for travelling and writing, I'd frittered away reading and dreaming in libraries. Now, even the library books were starting to go, too—bindings spent, pages missing—sent into limbo by the "discard" stamp. I managed to pluck over 200 of the old derelicts from thrift shops and used-booksellers, but I knew my heroic efforts could only delay the inevitable. Even ideas can die when the words are gone.

Then, one day, it occurred to me that the real world of Pacific Islands still existed. It may not be Frisbie's world anymore, but it was still the South Seas, just lying in wait there for some other damned fool of a white man to wander into its maddening embrace. Almost every man I ever read about who reached for it died broken in body and heart—usually from alcohol or some other form of escape. Always the same old story — the man rushes forth, arms reaching out; the South Seas meets him, swaying, smiling, arms outstretched in welcome; they drift right through one another like ghosts, never really understanding; frustrated, love unrequited. I began to wonder if a white woman could share the same fate?

Victor Hugo said, "There is one thing stronger than all the armies in the world: and that is an idea whose time has come." Sometimes, there isn't even any warning that one of these devastating arrivals is about to take place.

It was a cold rainy morning in spring. I drove downtown to buy a new trash can and some fertilizer. Instead, without premeditation, I bought an airline ticket to the Cook Islands. It had taken me 47 years, two months and one day to arrive at that point. It took the travel agent another 55 minutes to find out how on earth I could get there after I helped her find them on a map.

Two weeks later, I landed on the main island of Rarotonga in a rain so heavy I could hardly breathe. There I met Miss Betty Bailey, my first in a series of island landladies. Despite the stifling downpour, she garlanded me with a fragrant lei of *timpani* (plumeria) which she'd gathered and strung despite the rain. Showing me to my

Photo by Kirk Silsbee

room in her tiny five-unit motel, Betty rushed about, fixed me a cup of tea and brought me a *paw paw* (papaya) as big as a watermelon, a tin of New Zealand butter, a loaf of locally baked bread and some eggs, all so I wouldn't starve. When she told me she had grown up with Frisbie's oldest daughter, Johnnie, I was in serious danger of floating to the ceiling to lodge among the geckoes, I felt so buoyant with joy. But what goes up . . .

"Want to see what Johnnie and I looked like then?" she giggled, delighted to meet a stranger who knew her world, however vicariously. I nodded, and she brought me a couple of 30-year-old snapshots of herself and a tall dark girl. "That's Johnnie, there," she said. "See, she's a coconut and I'm a kiwi (New Zealander), but we were both born here all the same."

"Where's old Whiskey Johnnie now?" I asked, amazed that my fantasy world was suddenly so solid and measurable. "Is she back in Puka Puka?"

"Well, don't you know, Johnnie's a big TV star now. She has her own program in Auckland. *Beauty and the Beast,* I think it's called—sort of a talk show. People tell her their problems and she tells them what they ought to do. I haven't seen it, but that's what Mum tells me. Mum lives in Auckland now."

I made a fierce mental effort to see this wild brilliant child of the atolls as a sophisticated woman my age with shoes on her broad brown feet, driving a motor car instead of paddling an outrigger and giving advice to the lovelorn instead of climbing the coconut trees.

Johnnie, after all, was only doing what her father would have wanted. Frisbie, who'd originally hailed from America, had spent his last years fretting over the future of his motherless children after he was gone. In the midst of that lonely ocean, he'd taught his half-caste brood to read and write, even helping Whiskey Johnnie to write a book when she was only 13. I had to be glad that Johnnie was a television star instead of a wild thing in some jungle paradise. Well . . . I had to try, anyway.

"Okay, then, where's Elaine?" I asked, remembering his fourth baby.

"Why, Elaine's still in America, as far as I know. I heard she was once married to that fellow who played Batman—you know, Adam West?" Betty seemed surprised at my amazement. "Didn't you know that?"

"Um, no," I mumbled. I couldn't process any more realities. I would have to add them, a pinch at a time, to my boiling fantasies, or they'd never mix. The fate of little Nga, Hardpan Jake and Charlie would have to remain a mystery to me a little longer.

In the days that followed, I explored the island and absorbed the culture. But somehow, I could not resist the lure of the library once I'd located it. Once inside, I found to my amazement that their entire South Pacific collection was no larger than mine. Worse, the whole cache was kept in a glass case under lock and key. I asked permission of the librarian to see some of the caged volumes. It was granted suspiciously, and I was watched every minute that I lingered at the polished old table poring over the treasured books. "But, why must you keep everything locked up?" I asked petulantly. With New Zealand-style candor, the librarian replied, "Because the locals will pinch them if we don't."

Later, I asked Betty about it, and she confirmed what the librarian had told me. "But we can't get them here, either," she said. "Even though we live in the islands, we love books about them, too. But the library does its share of pinching. Did you happen to see their copy of *Miss Ulysses of the South Seas*? You know, the book Johnnie wrote when she was 13? Well, it's my copy and it has my name on the fly leaf."

This world was still too crazy for me, too dominated by Frisbie; try as I might, I could not blend its realities with my own. I decided it was time to seek out the new South Seas characters, the ones no writers had defined for me yet; to find the places where there were no cars or libraries to confuse me, and to experience it all from my viewpoint as a woman.

"You're a hard case, you are," said Betty when I told her of my restlessness. Betty called all difficult people "hard cases," whether they were sassy children or wife-beaters. Knowing I'd have to find out for myself, she dropped me off at the office of Silk and Boyd, Ltd., the shipping agency which now plies the trade routes once dominated by such legendary skippers as Andy Thompson and Viggo Rasmussen.

"I want to go to Puka Puka," I told them, trying to keep from smiling too much.

"Impossible," they said. "We only sail to Puka Puka on alternate months."

"WHY MUST YOU KEEP EVERYTHING LOCKED UP?" "BECAUSE THE LOCALS WILL PINCH THEM IF WE DON'T."

I was crestfallen, but it was comforting to know that it still wasn't easy. "That's progress, I suppose," I said to the clerk. "When Frisbie was alive, the ship called at Puka Puka once every three months."

"Ah, yes," said the Silk and Boyd clerk. "Things have speeded up a bit, haven't they. I'll tell you what you could do, if you want to get a taste of the outer islands. Our 400-tonne *Mataora* leaves next Tuesday for a five-day circuit. She stops at Aitutaki, Atiu and Mitiaro this trip. That's a nice sampling of the outer isles and they're quite unspoiled, you know. Give you a sort of overview; $24.50 deck, $54.50 cabin round trip. You'll want cabin, of course. Deck is only for the locals."

Cabin, indeed! Cabin was for missionaries, government officials and tourists. Anyone who reads South Seas literature knows that. I was on pilgrimage; a quest for the essence of the South Seas. I was firm.

The Silk and Boyd people saw a plump, middle-aged American lady with thick glasses and a sunburn, scratching her mosquito bites. I saw a wonder person, strong and free, fulfilling a magnificent dream of 20 years, going alone and unafraid. Inside, I was a tough, wiry tomboy, 16 years old; spiritual daughter of the great Frisbie, himself.

Remembering the amused look from the impeccably groomed Maori beauty who'd written my ticket, I stuck my tongue out in the direction of Rarotonga and tasted rain. "I wish you could see me now," I exulted. "No problem! We Frisbies never were all that fond of Rarotonga, anyway."

* * *

The ship pitched and reared; the seas foamed by, swollen and troubled. I could still taste the bitterness of the seasick pill I'd gulped ten minutes earlier without water. Suddenly, I felt warm. My face was sweating; my breathing, shallow. Then I knew.

"Ohhhhhh shit!" I screamed in disbelief against the

wind. Dizzy, unable to stand, I sank to the deck, snatched the glasses from my streaming face and thrust my head between the rails.

Too late the seasick pill; too old the dream. Weeping, furious, wretched and retching, I cursed my inadequate body.

I was alone among strangers (nine passengers, four pigs and a crew), reduced from an omnipotent Frisbie to a middle-aged lady on a storm-crazed sea. I curled up miserably on the filthy deck, cheek on the lower rail and stared at the driving rain which now hid the mountains of Rarotonga and my beloved friend, Betty.

Someone poked my shoulder. I swivelled my eyes, afraid to move my queasy body.

Knees. I saw bony knees, bulging from a pair of sunburnt legs covered with a heavy fuzz.

"You oughta be on the other side of the ship, luv," said a voice above the knees. The twang was Cockney; the tone, bossy. "You stay on this side, the diesel fumes'll make you sick."

"Well, what the hell do you think I am now?" I snapped.

"Aw, you're not sick, luv. You just need to get away from the diesel fumes." The legs moved away. "Go on, now," the words nagged on the wind. "Get yourself over on the other side."

Weakly, I hauled myself to a standing position and fumbled with my glasses. The sun was already setting somewhere in the steamy gray sky. Flung here and there, grabbing at railings, lurching through open space, I strugged to the port side. He was right. The air was better. I inhaled deeply. A pair of islanders stood nearby, leaning against the bulkhead, drinking coffee and laughing.

"There we are, luv," chipped that damned voice behind me again. "I see you took my advice."

I barely had time to glimpse my tormentor's face before another spasm brought me to the deck and I was hanging over the bottom rail again.

I caught a flash of a whimsical mug—thirty-ish, rosy-cheeked, topped by dark hair. He was repugnantly cheerful and healthy.

"You really shouldn't sit on the deck. It's filthy, you know," he said, hunkering down near me. "Where are you headed?"

"I can't stand up," I moaned, and stuck my head overboard again.

"You didn't mention where you're going," he persisted as soon as my head was back inside the railing again.

"Just around," I said, wiping my face with a melting tissue, not looking at him. I wondered why on earth he was trying to talk to me at a time like that. Couldn't he see?

"Oh, you mean you're on for the whole five-day circuit, are you? Aitutaki Island, Atiu, Mitiaro, then back to Raro?" He made them sound like the next three stations on the London tube.

"Yes," I panted, "but I don't think I'm going to make it. Not in this storm."

"Oh, you'll make it, all right. You ever read any of those books about the South Seas by Frisbie?"

Shocked, I really looked at him for the first time. I'd been on the verge of insisting he leave me alone. This jerk read Frisbie?

"Are you kidding? How do you know about him?" I was incredulous.

"Oh," he crowed, "I'm a regular expert on Frisbie, I am."

"Me, too." I said with disbelief. "There aren't many of us left! I may even write a book about him."

"Oh, so you're a writer, are you? I thought you were a schoolteacher."

Before I could protest such typecasting, I left him for another close look at the waves.

"You ever read that one, *Island of Desire*?" he went on as if I were a normal person with a clean face sitting on a bench in London's Hyde Park.

"Why are you talking to me?" I asked. "I can't talk now. I can hardly sit up. I'd like to discuss Frisbie with you, but I am dying."

"You ought to read that one," he went on as if he hadn't heard me. "You think this is a bad storm; he tells about this hurricane on one of those islands . . ."

"Suwarrow," I filled in weakly.

"Yes, that's the one. Suwarrow, and he had his little children with him and he tied them up in the trees . . ."

"*Tamanu* trees," I whispered faintly.

"Well, I don't know what kind of trees they were, luv, but the storm was so bad, it blew down everything but those trees. Wiped out the whole bloody island, it did."

The power of true fanatacism can run the brain even though the body is nine-tenths dead—especially if there's a chance of impressing someone.

"Yes," I half-whispered. "That was his masterpiece! Nobody on earth ever wrote a scarier hurricane sequence in the history of literature. No one!"

"Oh, then you did read that one, did you?"

"Read it? I've read and own all his books and both his daughter Johnnie's, too, though I suspect he ghosted her first one. It's taken me years to find them all." I looked at him triumphantly out of the corner of my eye.

He almost sat back on the deck. It was very satisfying, even to a dying South Seas lady author. "All of them? You even have *Puka Puka*?"

"*The Book of Puka Puka*? Of course I have it," I said immodestly. "That was the hardest one of all to find."

"I wonder, luv, can you try to locate any for me?" he

THE POWER OF TRUE FANATICISM CAN RUN THE BRAIN EVEN THOUGH THE BODY IS NINE-TENTHS DEAD, ESPECIALLY IF THERE'S A CHANCE OF IMPRESSING SOMEONE.

asked; but I was throwing up again. He waited, a little impatient now, fingers drumming the rail.

"How can you stand to be around someone who's throwing up all the time?" I asked. "It's indecent!"

"Oh, I'm used to it," he shrugged. "Most of my chums do it when they first go to sea. Not me, though. I never get seasick."

"What do you do, anyway?" Obviously, he was no more a tourist than I was. In fact, so far, he was the oddest character I'd ever met on my travels; even odder than the chap who'd been my seatmate on a train in England who expounded for two hours, non-stop, about every Tarzan of the Apes story Edgar Rice Burroughs ever wrote. Maybe this was a special British eccentricity, this idle zeal for obscure literature.

"This," he replied, gesturing expansively, palm upwards. "Just what I'm doing now."

"What do you mean, this? Entertain seasick ladies?"

"Yeah," he chuckled. "I'm a regular cruise director, I

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Five a.m., one autumn morning. In the budding dawn, while the rest of the world sleeps, the Southern California balloonists prepare to go aloft. The many-hued cloth is rolled out on the ground . . . motor-driven fans buzz like monster bees as the envelope fills with air . . . the torch is set aflame . . .

Finally, the adventurers climb into the gondola. Sand weights are cast aside, and the balloon begins its steady ascent into the desert morn.

Photos by Sandra Harrigan

The Ascent of Men

Damn You Frisbie *Con't. from page 19*

am. No, luv. I go to sea for a living. I'm a sailor. That's me trade if you must be so nosy."

"Oh, then you're part of the crew?"

"No, no, not this one. I'm on holiday. I work on big ships, luv. Not grubby little cargo tubs like this one."

He stuck out his hand. "My name's Michael, by the way. What's yours?"

I told him, wiped my hand and we shook, squatting there on the foul deck in the storm. "British," he said, pointing to his chest.

"I figured as much," I replied.

"You Australian?"

"No, American."

"A Yank!" he crowed. "I should have known that the minute you opened your mouth." He slapped his forehead with his palm. Then, abruptly, he stood up. "I'd better check on my kids," he said enigmatically.

"*Ciao,*" I murmured, bewildered. I felt suddenly abandoned.

The storm worsened. Night closed in. A Maori crewman called to me to go below to one of the cabins. I shouted back that I simply couldn't. I needed fresh air. "All the deck passengers are in the cabins," he yelled. "Captain says nobody sleeps on deck tonight."

"No, please!" With all the strength I could muster, I shouted back at him over the wind: "I must stay out here!"

"Can't stay out there. You have to go below." He disappeared around the corner.

With no interest in what was going to happen next, I dozed off. A tap on my arm brought me awake with a jolt. It was Michael.

"Kids okay?" I mumbled, a little tauntingly.

"Fat and happy," he beamed.

"Where's your wife? Does she know you're out here carrying on with a dying woman?"

"Oh, don't worry about her. She's back in Raro. Hates these inter-island boats. Won't go home if she can't fly, she says."

"Ummm," I muttered. "She may have a point." Then, "Home? Where's she from?"

"She's an Atiu girl," he volunteered. "Born there, but grew up in New Zealand. I thought we were going to take the kids to meet the relatives, but she backed out at the last minute. So here I am with a boatload of brats while she lives it up with her sister in Raro."

"How many brats?" I mumbled.

"Three."

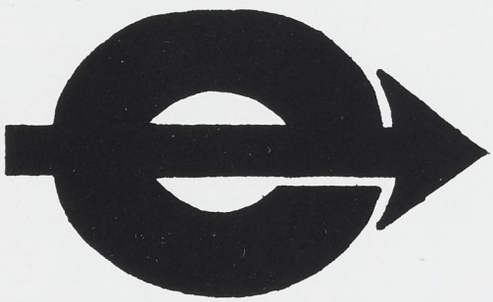
It was all too complicated. I started to doze off again.

"Tell me more about old Frisbie," he said insistently, shaking my arm. "I'm out here on this boat because of old Frisbie. If it wasn't for *Island of Desire,* I'd have never come out to these islands and married myself a Maori girl. She's a good sort, too, like Frisbie's woman, not like some of these tarts you can't turn your back on." He stared out into the darkness. "She's like you, in one way. Gets sick every time she goes to sea. Can't understand it with her people being the great navigators they were and all."

The boat groaned and pitched. Somewhere, something tore loose and started slamming back and forth with rhythmic crashes.

"Hey there, Yank," his voice broke in through my stupor. "You ever read any of his magazine stories?"

With an effort, I roused myself and tried to think. "No. Not yet." My tongue was so thick I could hardly speak. My thoughts were blurred. I wanted to pull myself together. Except for those I'd met in Rarotonga, I'd never



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met anyone else in my life I could talk Frisbie with.

"When I get back to the States," I confided, "I am going to find a library with a file of *Atlantic Monthlies* and *American Mercuries* going back to the '20's, and I'm going to photocopy his stories."

"If I give you my address, will you make some copies for me, too?" he asked.

"Sure," I murmured, feeling very close to him.

"What ever happened to all his kids?" Michael asked suddenly.

"New Zealand. America. I don't know where. God, how I wish I'd had a father like that."

He thought for a few minutes. "Oh, it wasn't all that rosy a life, Yank. I don't want to disillusion you, but in Raro, my wife's friends say old Frisbie was crazy when he drank. Half-killed that little wife of his. Hit her so hard she went deaf. That's the truth. He burned himself out with his drinking and brawling. If it hadn't been for that, he would have done a lot more writing."

Now I was fully awake. Realities grappled with fantasies. Frisbie the gutsy genius fought Frisbie the madman while Frisbie the victim intervened.

"He wrote at least 20 books," I snarled. "That's not exactly copping out. And as far as magazine stories go, he probably wrote several hundred of those. He broke his damned heart out here on his miserable atolls. Every time he finished a new work, he'd send it off believing it was the finest thing he'd ever written. He always believed that. New York publishers just kept bouncing them back except for a handful." I paused for breath, temporarily cured by a flood of adrenalin.

MY TATAMI BEACH MAT WITH A LITTLE PLASTIC BLOW-UP PILLOW ATTACHED SEEMED ABSURD IN THAT WILD ENVIRONMENT.

"Listen, Michael," I said. "When you get home, wherever that is, try to get a hold of a copy of *The Forgotten Ones* by James Norman Hall. He was Frisbie's best friend and mentor out here. Part of it's got a lot of Frisbie's letters. I'll send you all the Frisbie I can, but if you really want to know what it was like for him out here, read the Hall book."

My eyes were full of tears, the nausea was starting up again and I wished Michael would just go away. He, however, was totally unmoved. He fished out a piece of paper and a pen, wrote his name and address in an extravagant hand and tucked it in a corner of my tote bag. "Don't forget, now. You're going to send me copies of those magazine stories." He rose to his feet. "And now, Yank, you're going to have to go below. That's the captain's orders."

"No way," I said through clenched teeth. "The diesel fumes down there will kill me for sure." Inside, I added, "And no Frisbie would ever sleep below."

He shrugged and told me I'd better climb up to the top deck by the wheelhouse or I'd get washed overboard and he'd never get those magazine articles. Then he walked off. I fell asleep like a sick animal, covered with filth, unable to move, cowering in the storm.

It was much later when he came back. He was forceful this time. "You have to go up or down, Yank!" he hollered, shaking me. "You cannot stay out here. Come on. I'll help you. What's it to be, up or down?" He was drenched. "It's going to get worse before it gets better."

"Up," I said meekly.

We struggled down the heaving deck and, somehow, I made it up the ladder. He helped me to a spot in the middle against the bulkhead under an awning. I slumped to the deck immediately. "Would you mind, Michael," I asked, suddenly feeling very vulnerable, "bringing me my mat and blanket? I think the crew put them down below with my bags and typewriter."

He stared down at me, a look of incredulity on his face. "Oh, I have to wait on you now, do I, Yank?" He was unaccountably irritable. Before I could respond, he was gone again. I stared over the rail across the deck in the darkness, wondering what I'd done wrong. Then I noticed something strange. Although I was as high on the ship as I could go, the waves were sometimes even with the rail. "Oh my God!" I gasped. I felt the first tinge of fear as I made a mental calculation of the height of the vessel.

Michael came back, handed me mat, blanket and pillow, and stalked off down the bucking deck to disappear down the companionway, his pique still a mystery to me.

I spread my mat. It wasn't a proper Cook Island mat, of course. Just a *tatami* beach mat I'd bought in Honolulu —the kind with a little blow-up pillow attached. It seemed absurd in that wild environment.

I dropped off to sleep again. A rending crash shocked me back to consciousness. The ship was pitching more horribly than ever. Occasionally, a wave would slop over the top deck. I saw that one of the big galvanized vent hoods had torn loose. Like a crazed monster-barrel, it came clattering toward me when the ship reared, then veered away, just in time, when she plunged. I knew I could not stay there any longer. There was no help in sight. The noise of the wind was deafening. Had I washed overboard, no one would have known.

It took every ounce of strength I had and some of my future power to make that perilous trip across slippery decks and down ladders. I was so weak, I had to crawl most of the way.

Somehow, I reached the galley and half fell into the foul-smelling hold below. I found an empty bunk. There was no mattress. Too spent to search for a better bed, I collapsed on the bare boards. "Damn you, Robert Dean Frisbie," I cursed. "Damn you for luring an old fool like me into a mess like this." I slept.

* * *

Dawn's light revealed that everyone on the ship including the pigs had been sick. Everyone, that is, except the crew and Michael, who was having his morning beer.

I staggered out on deck and filled my lungs with fresh air. Aitutaki lay nearby, sprawled on the rain-swept ocean. The sea was calm now; the long night was over. I had arrived by sea at my first outer island. I had had my first encounter with a genuine South Seas character. A touching romance. Two strangers in the night in love with the same author. Deceased.

An unmistakable land-smell reached my searching nostrils. There was an olfactory vibration of earth and palm, flower and smoke which set my heart to beating with excitement.

A motor launch carved a triangular wake in bas-relief on the vast slate of the lagoon before me. Islanders on

Con't. on page 33

Midnight Plowboy

by Dave Jessup

I have lots of patience, and it took patience to interview Bobby Earl Scaggett, that amiable South Carolina hick who nearly saved our football team from another season of mediocrity. He was a sports-writer's dream: a homegrown boy who came to the university under full athletic scholarship and shattered school rushing records after playing only one year of high school football. Even I was impressed.

It seems a shame what happened to him. But now that I think about it, he always was impressionable.

Jean Jeffers, the campus newspaper's editor, sent me to talk to Bobby Earl. "This guy's a real country bumpkin," she had said, clenching a soggy cigar stub between her yellowing teeth. "Coach Harper found him on some tobacco field in South Carolina. Ha! They could make a show about it—the Long Beach hillbilly. I want you to follow him around. See how he acts. No football stuff, just personality. Get me anecdotes, anecdotes, anecdotes," she said leaning forward and jabbing her cigar stub at me to emphasize each word. "They're our bread and butter. No anecdotes, no article. No articles, no newspaper. No newspaper, you *know* what that means."

"Well . . . uh . . . kinda, uh huh," I said.

"Oh yeah, and do you do any jogging?"

"Uh, from T.V. to fridge."

"Good enough. Scaggett spends a lot of time at the track. Wouldn't be a bad way for you to talk to him. You'll know right away which one he is."

I hate running. It's very depressing being left in the dust by a member of the geriatric crowd, especially if he uses a cane. I do thrive on mild competition, however, so I exhumed my shorts and sneakers from their tomb in a drawer and went to the track.

Jean was right. You couldn't miss Bobby Earl. Lanky and muscular, he wore the usual running gear, and bobbing on his head was a huge white cowboy hat. Class all the way.

I jogged around the field once, making like a snail while I thought out my questions. What's the secret to your success as a running back? Do you consider yourself a hick? No, forget that last one; I'd get my body smashed.

"Howdy!" the voice thundered. "Muh name is Bobby Earl Scaggett! You can be muh runnin' buddy!" Could it really be this easy?

After I introduced myself and explained why I wanted to talk to him, Bobby Earl grinned a little bashfully. "Now what would anybody want ta read about me for?" he asked. The excitement showed on his face.

"For one thing, you're the best player to come to this school since one of the Rams gave a clinic." I puffed for a few strides. "The crowds at the games even stay after the band's halftime show is over. You're big news."

"Wull golly. What do ya want ta know?" Bobby Earl drawled.

I couldn't resist the obvious question. "Do you usually wear your hat when you run?"

"Wull shore I do. I figure when ya come out West, ya gotta do as the western folks does."

"Yeah, but . . ." I stopped myself. I wanted to tell the poor lunk that even we westerners don't jog in cowboy hats, but I *was* after anecdotes. "Have you adopted any other western traditions?"

"I'm shore tryin', I'll tell ya. I figure this place is just about as dif'rent from home as it cun git. Saturday night I'm a going up t' the saloon ta hear a band and do some dancin'. D' ya know I've never been to a dance?"

Wull golly, I thought. Hick goes to his first dance at the Nugget. My plans were set for Saturday night.

Illustration by Colleen Straton

I got winded trying to keep up with Bobby Earl after two laps. "Could you slow down to a trudge?" I gasped.

"Yuh gettin' tarred? Try some a this. It's from home." He pulled a packet of chewing tobacco from his T-shirt pocket and handed it to me. "Best chaw in the world. It'll keep ya goin'."

I picked out some smelly black leaves. "You actually chew this stuff?" I asked.

Soon my head began to swim, and it became impossible to conduct a conversation while I was having out-of-body experiences. "I can't go another step further," I panted, and staggered to the grass to lie down.

BOBBY EARL HAD FOUND A GIRL WITH GREEN, GRASS-LIKE HAIR THAT HAD BEEN MOWED SO CLOSELY THAT IT SHOWED HER BALD SPOT.

"What's wrong?" Bobby Earl asked.

"My head is spinning and I've never wanted to barf more in my entire life than I do at this particular moment."

"I ain't seen ya a-spittin' much chaw juice . . . Ya ain't been a swallerin' yer juice, have ya?"

I didn't know I wasn't supposed to swallow any of the juice. Big deal. So I'm no cowpoke. "Boy," laughed Bobby Earl, "are you ever green."

As I sat holding my head onto my neck, Bobby Earl babbled spiritedly about his new experiences and how he could hardly wait for the dance. "Bobby Earl," I moaned, "I'll talk to you some more Saturday night."

"Wull shore! I'll see ya there."

What a way to grab an interview. David Frost, eat your heart out, I thought before passing out.

Jane and the Wretches were on stage when I got to the Nugget that weekend. Jane was a real sweetie. She stuck her tongue out often and made nasty noises into the microphone. Bobby Earl didn't look enthused about punk rock; he stood holding up the wall in the corner.

"Why the frown, big guy?" I asked him after shoving my way across the room.

"Wull," he twanged, nodding at the Wretches, "I ain't understood one word they've sung all night. And y' know, the lightin in here is a little weird. I thought that one over there had purple hair, but I was wrong. It's maroon. *Maroon.* I ain't never seen nothin' like this before. Lordy, it's Sodom and Gomorrah!"

"So you don't get off on Jane, huh?"

"I don't do nothin' with Jane," Bobby Earl fumed. "Hell, Jane ain't even *human!* She's just some animal in tight red pants and a flimsy T-shirt ta me."

"All the dancers seem to be having a good time."

"Ha! If ya call bouncin' straight up-and-down all night fun." Bobby Earl jumped a circle around me, and his cowboy hat almost fell off. He groaned. "And ya see that? Would ya enjoy just a-gettin' slapped and choked? Bruises ain't no fun." He wrapped his mammoth fingers around my skinny neck to demonstrate.

"I can see for myself, Bobby Earl!" I squealed nervously. "This is *not* show and tell!" After his hands loosened, I relaxed. "You must admit it's a fascinating part of our culture."

"Wull, I s'pose it *is* interestin'."

"It's all a release of tension. You've just got to get caught up in it and let go."

"I'll try," he said slyly, "after you."

I'm no punk rocker. I'm terribly self-conscious about doing vile things in public; I can't even vomit on cue. Initiating Bobby Earl into the world of punks would make great copy, though, so off I hopped into the crowd. The dance steps were simple enough.

After a few minutes of quickly and carefully jumping away from anyone who was into receiving or inflicting pain, I looked for Bobby Earl. I saw him lying on his back on the floor, waving his arms and drawn-up knees in a dance I later learned was called "the fly." Bobby Earl was a quick study.

A girl whose hair was brushed back and bleached bounced up to me. "My name is Shary," she said. I stifled my urge to say, "So what?" "You pogo pretty good," she continued. "Just like a jack-in-the-box. Your friend isn't doing too bad either." She pointed to Bobby Earl, who had found a girl with green hair and was slapping her silly with his giant paws, while laughing.

"Wull golly, that was fun!" Bobby Earl said after the music stopped. I figured it was the last song because Jane and the Wretches had destroyed the stage. "Oh, and y'all,this is Kim," Bobby Earl went on. I couldn't help noticing Kim's grass-like hair had been mowed so closely that it showed her bald spot.

"I shore hope I didn't hurt ya," Bobby Earl said to her.

She smiled dumbly and touched her red cheek. "Oh, no. It was great."

"You two were really into the music," Shary said. "Pure anarchy."

"Oh, it's the *only* way," Kim replied, rubbing her bristles.

"Gawd, you'd think she was a-talkin' about Jesus," Bobby Earl said.

"Who?" Kim asked.

I went outside to get some fresh air. The Wretches made me want to retch, and the two oddballs with Bobby Earl were downright offensive.

My solitude lasted only a few minutes. The three of them came stumbling out, Kim and Shary on either arm of Bobby Earl. They sat next to me on the bench. Shary immediately began picking her nose.

THE GIRLS RESEMBLED HUMAN TACOS, LETTUCE-LITTERED AND DRIPPING BEANS.

Bobby Earl thought she was cute. "Boy, I feel just like one a the crowd tonight. I'm shore glad I met y'all. Yer both so *different* from folks back home."

"Guess what," Shary said, moving a little closer.

"What's that?" I asked, hoping she didn't put her snotty fingers on me.

"We were talking inside, and Killer here thought it would be nice if we all went to dinner together tomorrow night."

"Oh, geez." I moaned.

"I thought of it muhself," Bobby Earl said. "Ain't ya sooprised?"

"Yeah, in more ways than one, *Killer,*" I muttered. Had I created a monster?

"It's a date," Shary said. She cleared her throat loudly and spat. "I been sick."

My stomach turned. Did I really have to go? What one won't do for a byline.

The next night, Shary and I met Bobby Earl and Kim at *El Oyo Del Rata* at seven thirty. The drive over had been unpleasant; I wasn't used to having girls tell dirty jokes, and Shary knew some of the raunchiest I'd ever heard.

Kim almost looked normal, except for her head of green stubble. Shary wore the same thin yellow tank top, black satin pants and high heels as the night before. She probably hadn't changed in twenty-four hours. I got the epitome of punk.

Entering the restaurant, we were cautiously greeted by several old Mexican women who draped us with ponchos and led us to our booth under an artificial palm tree. They hurried away, mumbling about the *locos.*

"Oh, God," Kim said while peeling her nails, "not another theme restaurant."

"See, I knew you'd like it," Bobby Earl drawled. "I chose it muhself."

BRUSHING OFF CHEESE AND REACHING DOWN HER TOP, SHARY PULLED OUT A SLICE OF TOMATO, WHILE SNORTING LIKE A PIG.

Our wary waitress served us our combination plates — one each for the girls and me, two plus three side dishes for Bobby Earl. The food came packed on a string of live burros and was unloaded onto the table. "Wow! That's what I call authentic!" Bobby Earl beamed. "I feel like I'm at the vury bottom of the Grand Canyon!"

He wolfed down his meal, putting his face close to the plate and sliding the food in fast. My date Shary tried to eat with her feet. I'd never been out with such a sophisticated, uh, lady.

"Mmm. That was wonderful," Bobby Earl said. "What was it called again?"

"*Chorizo,*" I replied. "It's a mixture of salivary glands, lymph nodes, and other unsavory parts of beef with enough spices to make the dish approach edibility." Bobby Earl ordered another plate of the stuff.

"The people here are sure straight," Kim said. She ran her hands through her enchiladas and threw some on Shary's poncho. I pretended I was with another party. When Shary smeared refried beans across Bobby Earl's face, I got up and went to the bathroom.

I washed my hands. Twice. I wished I had a pen so I could write something dirty on the wall, something about Shary and Kim which was probably true. Dirty, but true.

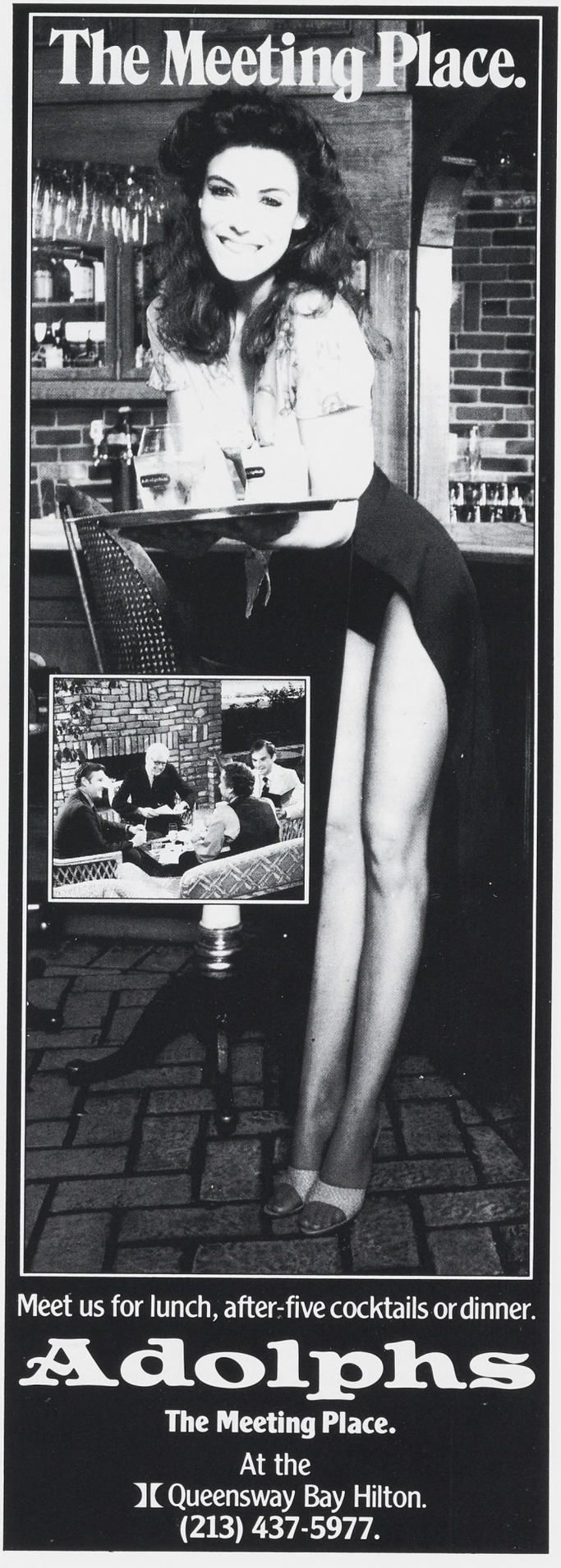
Returning to the table, I found the girls in hysterics; Kim was laughing uncontrollably and Shary was snorting like a pig. They resembled human tacos, lettuce-littered and dripping beans. Brushing off cheese and reaching down her top, Shary pulled out a slice of tomato. Snort-snort.

Bobby Earl had rustled up one of the burros. He sat on the frightened animal, dripping *chorizo* and waving his shirt and poncho above his head yelling, "Yahoo!"

"Do it, Killer, do it!" Kim shouted.

Bobby Earl nearly *did* do it. He was much too large to be on the burro, and as his huge frame bounced on the terrified beast's back, the animal seemed on the verge of collapse. Just in time, the furious owner of *El Oyo Del Rata,* an old bent-over man, hustled in and attacked Bobby Earl with a *pinata* bat.

Con't on page 32



Belly Dancing

—from Hootchie-Kootchie to Oriental Art

by Terry Trujillo

"Using instruments similar to a lute and guitar, four of them sang while the others danced. Their dance was different and more artful. The tunes so soft! The motions so languishing! Accompanied with pauses and dying eyes! I am very positive, the coldest most rigid prude upon earth could not have looked at them without thinking of something not to be spoken of."

"A few beautiful young girls came into the middle of the room and sang and danced, performing movements of the head and arms while they threw their long hair back and forth, keeping time with the clappers in their hands. Their dresses were worn so tight that the lines of their bodies could be seen, and their movements were so lascivious and lecherous as to melt a stone."

The above are two accounts of Turkish dancing girls. The first is Lady Mary W. Montague describing her visit to Asia in 1767; the second from Carlo Vicebailo who saw the dancers at an Istanbul banquet in 1524. Both passages are describing the *Danse Orientale*—more commonly known in the United States as belly dancing.

For centuries, Western civilization has interpreted this dance simply as lascivious movements meant to arouse sexual desires. In the United States it was confused with the striptease. Few people considered it a dance, much less an art; they were ignorant of the skill it takes to perform and the widespread cultural importance it has. In many minds it meant a scantily clad "hootchie-kootchie" dancer who got on a stage and shook her stuff. This stereotyped image of belly dancers was perpetuated by women who knew little or nothing of authentic Middle Eastern dancing.

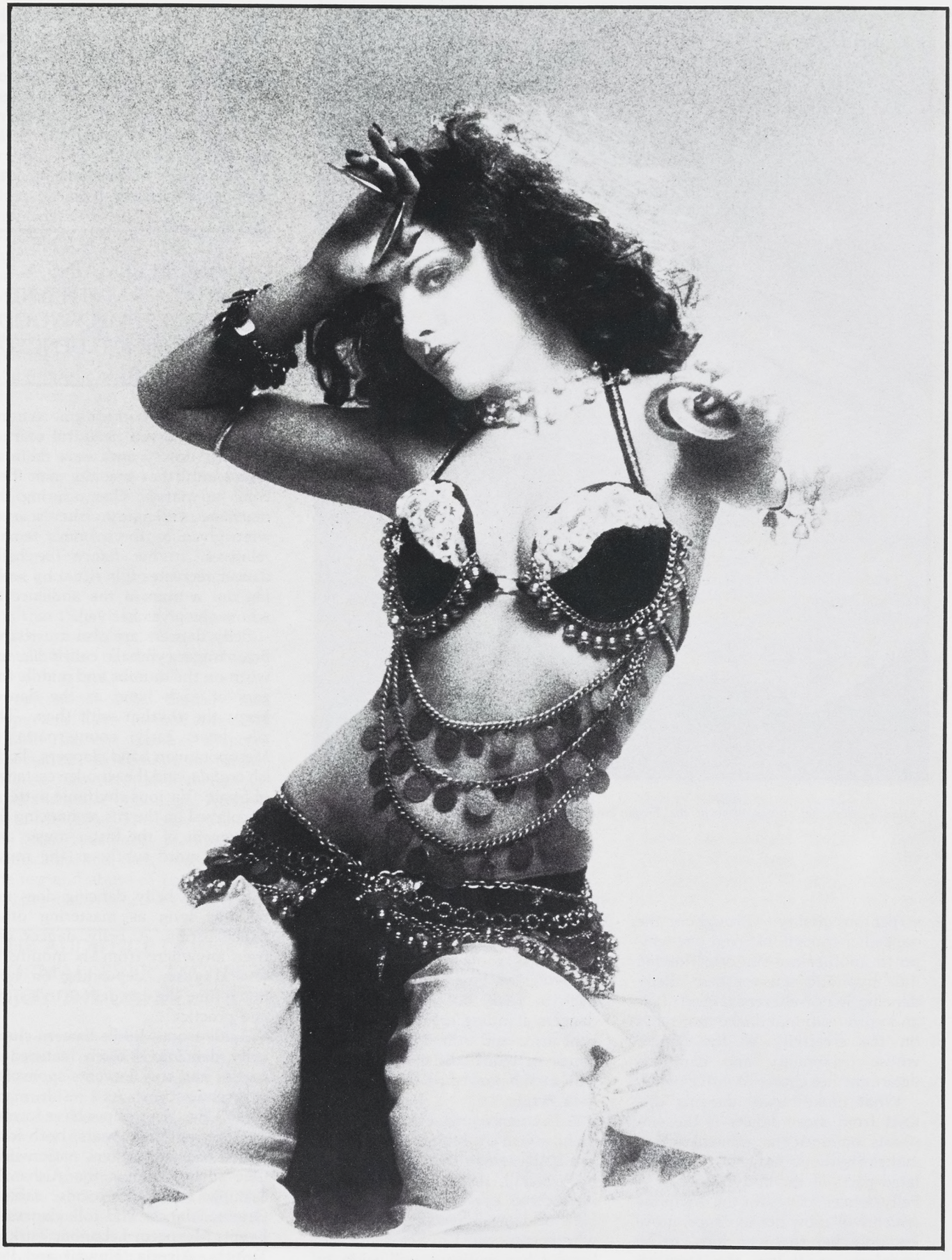
In the past five or six years, however, American women have developed a new awareness of *Danse Orientale* as a classical dance that reflects influences from the Middle East, North Africa and India. Today it is performed as a synthesis of expressive and ritual movement developed over a period of 5,000 years of Middle Eastern history.

TO MANY, BELLY DANCING MEANS A SCANTILY CLAD "HOOTCHIE-KOOTCHIE" DANCER WHO GETS ON STAGE AND SHAKES HER STUFF.

Cabaret belly dancing is the style most frequently performed in the United States. An outgrowth of traditional belly dancing, it was first performed in nightclubs for tourists during the 1920s and 1930s in Cairo. Then, in the early 1960s, it reached the United States where several famous Egyptian cabaret dancers taught their art to a handful of American women. Through these women, thousands of professional belly dancers learned the techniques of the dance. Today, the traditional cabaret style has been influenced by ballet, jazz and modern dance techniques, making it one of the most exotic and creative ethnic dances in the world today.

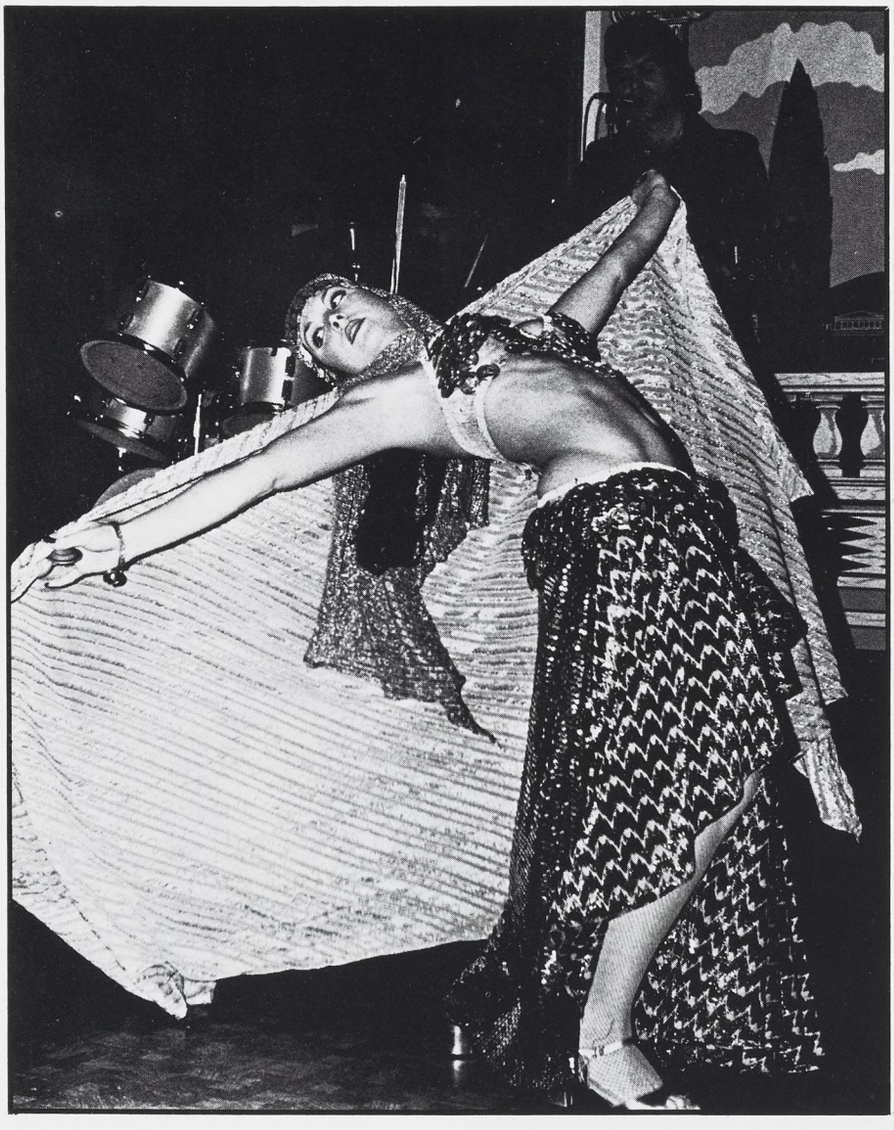
Many of the women who learned belly dancing in the 1960s began to teach in studios, parks and recreation programs and YWCAs across the country. This prompted a more open-minded attitude toward the dance; and fascination with the music and movements began to grow.

Most women learning the dance agree that its appeal lies in the rhythmic music that makes you want to get up and dance. To put it simply, belly dancing is the music. It is one of the only ethnic dances in which the dancer's motions are actually dictated by the music. If the opening tempo is fast and lively, her steps are the same. As the music and rhythm slows, her body takes on a



Angelika Nemeth is an instructor from IBCC who has been performing for five years.

by Bruno Schreck



"Atlantis" does her solo routine at the Trojan Horse in Long Beach.

serpentine quality. Throughout the dance her transitions from one tempo to another are smooth, flowing into hypnotic sensuousness. Belly dancing is not choreographed. It is an improvisational dance that relies on the creativity of the dancer whose personality and emotions determine her choice of movements.

What makes belly dancing distinct from most dances is the emphasis on muscular control which makes rhythmic movements of isolated parts of the body possible. A belly dancer strives for the discipline which will allow her to dance, moving only her torso or hips, or to undulate or flutter the stomach muscles — a motion that originated in North Africa and may have been used in rituals of ancestor worship. Isolation of the arms, hands and head is also an aspect of the dance which has roots in ancient times. Drawings on Egyptian vases dating back to 4,000 B.C. depict women dancers standing erect with rigidly bent arms and others performing a dance in which dishes of wine or water are balanced on their heads as they gyrate.

An audience judges a belly dancer on how well she relates to them. Unlike ballet where the dancer focuses on her skill, the belly dancer must have direct eye contact with members of her audience. The dancer who becomes lost in her dance and forgets her audience will soon be forgotten by them.

The overall intent of the dance is to make it appear effortless, as if the movements are as natural as breathing and walking. In actuality it requires strong backs and thighs and great agility. It's not uncommon for one dance to last 20 to 45 minutes, so a dancer learns early in her training how to pace herself and build stamina.

The wearing of and dancing with brightly colored veils comes from a

THE IMAGE OF THE DANCER REMAINS A CAPTIVE OF MYTH AND MYSTIQUE. HOLLYWOOD FILMS HAVE INFLUENCED IT ALL.

Middle Eastern tradition. Young girls embroidered beautiful scarves for their dowry and wore them as sashes until they met the man they were to marry. Then, during the marriage ceremony, the scarves were given to the groom's female relatives. In her dance the belly dancer recreates this ritual by seeking out a man in the audience to whom she gives her veil.

Belly dancers are also musicians. Brass finger cymbals, called *zils*, are worn on the thumbs and middle fingers of each hand as the dancer keeps the rhythm with them. The *zils* have early counterparts in Mesopotamian hand clappers, Turkish *crotala*, and the wooden castanets of Spain. Various rhythmic patterns are played on the *zils*, enhancing the excitement of the faster music and worked more subtly as the music slows.

Learning belly dancing does not take as long as mastering other dance forms. A belly dancer can train anywhere from six months to several years, depending on how much time she can devote to lessons and practice.

Aside from Middle Eastern clubs, belly dancing is often featured at parties and social events sponsored by organizations. As a result, many Middle Eastern troupes have formed over the past five years, both local and those who travel nationwide. One such group is the Aisha Ali Troupe which performs cabaret Oriental dances and folk dances of Egypt, Morocco, Lebanon, Turkey, Tunisia, Algeria, Kuwait and Persia. Aisha Ali is well-known in this country and internationally for her studies of the traditional dances of

Photo by Chris Reid

the Middle East. She has filmed these dances for teaching in the United States and recorded authentic music for her troupe's performances.

The growing popularity of Middle Eastern restaurants and clubs has brought both joy and sadness to many professional belly dancers. There they are applauded on stage and degraded backstage. Many of the club owners do not consider the dancers serious employees and have forced unfair conditions upon them. Written contracts are rare; dancers are expected to accept verbal agreements regarding their work schedule. Splitting of tips with musicians or the establishment is a common practice. The average pay is $30 to $40 per evening, and many who have danced for two or three years are still being paid the same wages.

Debbie Rice is a professional dancer who says she found club work disenchanting. "When I began I expected some regularity in the job, but few clubs offer it. You can come in on the night you're scheduled to dance, and the owner will tell you that they've hired someone else to take your place. They don't always bother to call and let you know or give a reason."

Professional belly dancers and supporters have formed MECDA (Middle Eastern Cabaret Dancers Association) to combat the unfair business practices and threats of harm and abuse of dancers. According to MECDA, "The cabaret dancer has been threatened, manipulated, intimidated and, yes, even beaten. The use and abuse of power in this industry has reached a point where the women of MECDA are mad as hell, and we're not going to take it anymore!" Picketing particular clubs has been one of MECDA's means of gaining attention in the community and making patrons aware of their situation.

Marie Silva, president of MECDA and a popular dancer in Southern California, has very strong feelings concerning the club situation. "Most of the clubs are bad and rapidly deteriorating. The patrons are no longer going to the clubs, and there are too many shady dealings in certain clubs." For a short time Silva was the highest paid dancer in Los Angeles, earning $300 for one show which she performed with a five-piece band. During this time she was able to rehearse with musicians—a rare practice due to the fact that musicians are only paid for performance time.

Perhaps the biggest injury to professional dancers is done by non-professional and bikini dancers who are supposed to represent belly dancing at its highest level. The hiring of these unskilled performers is an insult to professionally-trained dancers. Also, it does little to persuade the American public that the dance has come a long way from the days of the "hootchie-kootchie." The bikini or amateur dancer can be paid much less than the professional belly dancer, so many owners waste little time in hiring them. Silva feels that owners aren't concerned with hiring good dancers, but with filling the stage with as many pretty faces and bodies as possible, then expecting the professional to take the same low wages.

Marie's advice to the audience is to let the management know if you're disappointed in the quality of the dancers. Dancers have discovered that they have little legal protection; and due to the fact that dancers are not on contract or considered as employees, they are not entitled to Unemployment, Disability or Worker's Compensation. The solution lies in dancers organizing and showing club owners that they take their dance seriously and want to be considered employees as in any other business. Many dancers are performing less at clubs and more at parties where they can set their own prices.

Through all the turmoil in the clubs, dancers will admit that's where their dance can be the most creative and exciting. The live music, stage lights and audience provide a setting that makes the dancer feel like a true entertainer. For these reasons dancers will fight for better working conditions. Says Debbie Rice, "Dancing in the clubs is the only way to see what you're capable of doing. It's a great experience and makes your talent grow as a dancer. As long as belly dancing is worth it to me, I'll keep doing it."

Even though belly dancing has become more understood in the past few years, the image of the dancer remains a captive of myth and mystique. Hollywood films have influenced it all. "I've often wondered why I got such negative reactions from people in the audience when I told them I was a college student," confides Rice. "They don't like to hear that you're a normal, everyday person. In order for them to enjoy the dance, they have to think of you as a floozie."

Tonya Chionios, a professional dancer, adds, "A dancer should never tell a man when he propositions her that she is a wife and a mother. They don't want to hear that. It's better just to say that she has other plans for the evening."

Dancers often sadly discover that it is difficult to maintain a stable relationship with a man while working as a professional dancer in clubs. Angelika Nemeth, a dancer for five years and a former flight attendant, was fortunate to have a boyfriend who understood her love for the the dance. "When I was learning dance, I devoted all my time and energy to it. My boyfriend understood my determination and helped improve my techniques by filming my dance. Being a professional dancer is hard on marriages. It takes a very strong relationship, because a dancer is married to her dance. Besides, many men cannot handle the new freedom she has. After all, clubs are a pickup scene and the majority of the men are still out to see skin. My boyfriend would sit in the audience and watch me dance sometimes, but he could understand the language spoken by some of the men and they were not discussing the dance from an artistic point of view. He couldn't stand to hear these men, because he knew how serious I was about the dance."

Belly dancing has come a long way since the 1920s, yet in some ways it is still locked into the past. Belly dancers who continue to spread a greater appreciation for their dance know it is unlike any other. The dance's uniqueness comes from each dancer's style which enhances it and reflects ancient traditions still part of the Middle Eastern way of life.

"THE AUDIENCE DOESN'T LIKE TO HEAR THAT YOU'RE A NORMAL, EVERYDAY PERSON. IN ORDER FOR THEM TO ENJOY THE DANCE, THEY HAVE TO THINK OF YOU AS A FLOOZIE."

Midnight Plowboy *Con't. from page 27*

The employees stood in the doorway, more scared than the burro. I decided that this dinner had gone on too long. I quickly paid half the check and left. I'm just not into social maladjustment.

Feeling like Papillon after his escape, I went home and spent the rest of the night compiling my notes and anecdotes and banging away at the typewriter. I'd followed Bobby Earl around for two days and now I thought I had the perfect angle for my personality feature. The title was "Hick vs. Sick."

Jean Jeffers had the story on her desk the next morning. She read it, rubbing under her chin thoughtfully. "I like it," she said. "Homeboy meets up with the punks. Raises some heavy questions, like who's civilized and who isn't. Light, but heavy, you know what I mean? I'll run it next week."

I dreaded showing Bobby Earl the article, but I felt I had to. He probably wouldn't like being portrayed as a punk for a night. The truth always hurts.

After avoiding the confrontation for a couple of days, I went to his room in the dorms. There was no telling how he would react to the story, but, as an act of courage, I decided to face the music without the psychological comfort of a weapon. A *pinata* bat would have been most reassuring.

He wasn't in his room. In fact, no one had seen Bobby Earl in three days. As I breathed a sigh of relief, I knew that one thing was sure—I wasn't turning super-sleuth to track the kid down.

Bobby Earl's absence became quite a mystery over the next week. Where was the star of the football team?

The newspaper ran a tongue-in-cheek issue about the disappearance. Its headline read, "Have the Punks Stolen Our Golden Boy?" The accompanying photograph was of a very distraught Coach Harper wiping his eyes. A contest was sponsored by the paper to see who could most closely predict the number of Kleenex used by Coach Harper through his ordeal. The prize was a free dye job at a local beauty shop.

The coach, whose hopes of a great season had seemingly vanished in a huge plate of *chorizo*, was just coherent enough to organize his players into search teams. Thus was the first and only manhunt in the school's history assembled. When Bobby Earl's moping, hulking teammates weren't on the football field, they patrolled the campus. Two fortunate brutes were constantly stationed in the Nugget. Likewise, two stayed on at *El Oyo Del Rata*, but in less friendly surroundings. Those poor dumb bruisers probably tidied up after the burros.

Finally, after an unlucky hunt of two weeks—weeks in which the team went 0-2 in their games—Coach Harper, a broken man, called his boys off the streets and withdrew Bobby Earl's athletic scholarship. So much for a better-than-500 season.

Bobby Earl was eventually spotted three months later, effectively squelching a rumor that he had returned to South Carolina. He was seen with two girls—one green-headed, the other bleached—at a club in Hollywood.

Bobby Earl is still around. He's even something of a legend now. Occasionally he's spotted at various clubs and nightspots where a certain kind of rock is played, doing as us'n westerners do, raising rose-like welts on wild bouncing women. The blue spaghetti-like hair waving under his cowboy hat is just the right touch.

Big Boys Can Cry

Con't from page 7

Betty Brooks, assistant professor in the Women's Studies program at CSULB, agrees. "It's an old saying that the oppressed know more about the oppressor than vice versa. I know more about men than they know about me. People of color know more about white people than we know about them because they've had to survive under our system. Any kind of men's group will never work unless the women are there."

Wagner did witness some signs of progress in her groups over the years. The men's language changed; they moved from saying "girl" to saying "woman." They became openly more affectionate with each other and less homophobic. They also realized and acknowledged the victim position of a woman who has been raped.

But to experts the questions are still how willing are men to change and how capable are they of changing? Many of the recent modifications in behavior and attitudes remain at very superficial levels. The idea of male supremacy remains deeply ingrained in the fabric of society. And, after all, it does have its rewards.

Sociologist Mirra Komarovsky uncovered many contradictions in seemingly liberated males. They encouraged wives to work *but* pointed out that the women's careers shouldn't rival their own. They approved of women in professions *but* disapproved of ambitious, aggressive women. Many indeed seemed committed to the goals of the women's movement, yet they had a difficult time integrating the values into their personal lives. The need to dominate kept rearing its ugly head.

TRYING TO LIVE UP TO SOCIETY'S MACHO IMAGE MAY DESTROY A MAN PHYSICALLY, EMOTIONALLY AND MENTALLY.

Yet changes in society are reflecting different attitudes in both men and women toward their lifestyles. A special report, "How Men Are Changing," in the January 6, 1978 issue of *Newsweek* notes that executive recruiters and corporate officials encounter upwardly-mobile workaholics far less frequently than before. Workers reject late hours and weekend work and balk at transfers and out-of-town assignments. The values of the workforce seem to be changing; spouses seem to have more of a say in major decisions.

Prenatal clinics report huge booms in male participation. The number of books on male nurturing is increasing. Clearly fathers are getting in on the act and are spending more time with their children.

Changes are taking place, slowly, perhaps because traditions die slow deaths. But men are beginning to question, to explore and to free themselves from the bondage of generations of men before them. And they are beginning the liberation of generations of men to come.

Damn You Frisbie

Con't. from page 23

board waved and shouted to their friends on the *Mataora.* The little boat pulled alongside. Behind, the island beckoned. My knees were trembling. I was weak as a wet paper towel, but very much alive and glad of it.

I WAS, AFTER ALL, ONLY A FLAWED HUMAN BEING MADE BY GOD AND NOT CREATED BY FRISBIE. I FORGAVE THEM BOTH FOR THEIR OVERSIGHTS.

I was, after all, only a flawed human being, made by God for the earth and not created by Frisbie for a novel. I forgave them both for their oversights as the sun broke through and the trade wind ruffled my hair.

"I'm going to make it, Ropati," I said, using the Maori version of Robert for the first time. "Look. No books. I have both hands on the rail. My eyes are open and they're looking straight ahead, not inward. Your South Seas is a tricky, dangerous lady. But this time, she has one of her own kind to contend with." I pondered for a few minutes. My next strategy, I decided, was to sample life on Aitutaki for a while.

I set off across the deck for my bags.

"Where you going, luv?" Michael called. "You don't need your bags to go ashore. Nobody's going to pinch them here."

"I'm jumping ship, Michael," I called.

"Yank, I'm ashamed of you! You're a chicken, that's what you are! There's no more storm." He looked at me indignantly, beer can clutched to chest.

"Bye," I called as I clambered into the launch. One pig and four other passengers were already aboard. "Maybe I'll see you ashore later."

"Aw, you're just a chicken Yank," he hollered. "You'd better not forget to send me the Frisbie papers. Then I would never forgive you!"

I looked back at him over the widening gulf of water and waved again. "Come ashore on the next launch and I'll buy you a beer, you silly limey." For some reason, there were tears in my eyes.

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Wresting Shelter from the Rental

by Patti Long

So, you need an apartment? The place should be cute, but not too small. The view should include Catalina and Mount Baldy (from opposite picture windows, of course,) and your bare feet should thrill to the feel of your plush wool carpeting. After entertaining your many friends in the sunken living area, your neighbors, the Ropers, will help you whisk your Wedgwood into the dishwasher. Right?

Wrong. Unless your Daddy's name is Bixby or Chandler, you are misled. (Besides, if Daddy is a Bixby or a Chandler, you probably attend Yale or Vassar, not Cal State Long Beach, and this article doesn't concern you.)

An apartment — a place to live. Somewhere to drop your books and fill your stomach before trudging off to work. It would be nice to afford your humble abode without having to sell your soul to the devil or worse. If you decide to settle close to CSULB, however, you will find that the only thing Proposition 13 froze is school funding; rent freezes are defrosting fast.

According to a recent article in *Los Angeles*, Long Beach is becoming the next real estate gold mine. The home of our campus is one of the few coastal cities remaining with relatively low cost-of-living standards. Because of the recent rush to build quickie condominiums and pre-fab atrocities, apartment rents are escalating. A prime example of the extreme rent hikes stands on Temple Avenue and 2nd Street in the Belmont Heights area. The three-bedroom apartment which rented for $300 three years ago now goes for $600. A one-bedroom attic once went for $150 per month. Three years later, it rents for $350.

If this news is not bad enough, the fact that you are a student makes the Great Student Apartment Hunt similar to finding a place to park on campus. There is no room for you, and the neighboring area doesn't want you either. The word "student" conjures up a transient image in most landlords' minds. It is costly to renovate and re-rent apartments every semester. Also, the stigma of the Sixties remains. Many landlords seem to feel that, if they rent to a student, their building will be turned into a Greek house, or, worse yet, murals of Bob Dylan and John Lennon will be painted Michelangelo-fashion on the ceiling.

A good percentage of CSULB students are under 25. Younger adults usually have poor credit ratings (if any) and don't have "that air of responsibility and maturity," according to one Seal Beach realty company.

A landlord who refused my application told me that every time he had rented to a student, his unit was left in shambles. "I constantly got complaints from the neighbors," he added, "and the rent was always late. I'd never rent to a student again."

The picture may look grim for the student-renter in Long Beach, but it isn't hopeless. Not all landlords share those anti-student attitudes. The problem is the landlords who like "college kids" charge them "working-man" dues for their place. So where do you go?

In my apartment hunts, I have come across some good finds. It may take twice as long to look, and twice as much cunning to get what you want at a price you can afford, but it can be done. The best time to look is between January and April; the weather is at its worst, and most landlords are eager to rent their apartments. Avoid apartment hunting during summer months. Rent is usually raised at this time of year. Here's where to look in Long Beach and the surrounding area, with a word or two on what to expect.

BELMONT SHORE/NAPLES:

Yes, folks, here is the heartbeat of Southern California's youth—the home of all those crazy, fun-loving disco dolls who drink Perrier and wear Topsiders. If you want roller skating, McConnell's Ice Cream, and the beach right at your pinkie tips, this is the place. In addition to all this, you get no place to park and sky-high rent for a 50-year-old apartment "with charm." I personally think "The Shore" is overrated and overcrowded. Besides, the average impoverished student would really have to struggle in order to meet most rents, even with a roommate.

Yes, there are a few bargains left, mostly for single units. Apartments on Quincy, Roswell, Belmont and Mira Mar Streets offer better deals than those on main drags like Nieto, Claremont and Covina. The outer edge of Belmont Shore has quite a few small studio apartments—some as low as $165 including utilities. For the most part, however, one-bedrooms start at $275 and $300, with the most expensive three-bedrooms starting at $750 and $800. Ouch!

BELMONT HEIGHTS:

A few years ago, living four or five blocks in from the beach meant a savings of as much as $100 a month. Recently, rent rates in the Heights area have been creeping up towards those of the neighboring Shore. Nevertheless, it is still a more economical place to live, and the bargains are easier to find. This is an ideal area for a CSULB student. The Heights are inhabited by students, especially along the 3rd and 4th Streets area, along with young families and elderly people. Although there is an element of risk in any area, the Heights are relatively safe for jogging and walking at night, especially when the summer months bring out the crowds along Ocean Boulevard. The 3rd Street bus will take you right to campus. Markets, bookstores, post offices, parks and libraries are all in walking distance.

Rents in the Heights range from $190 to $300 for a one-bedroom apartment; two-bedrooms usually start at $300 to $500. Three-bedroom units are still available for under $400 on Broadway and Molino, although some rent for a higher figure. Many bargains can be discovered in some of the little houses hidden behind larger ones on 1st Street and Vista Avenue. The 4th and Cherry intersection is a fine

Lords: It's Not as Futile as it Seems

area for students to live in, and it is inexpensive, too. Beyond that intersection, the area is a little rough for a single woman tenant. It is close to many entertainment facilities frequented by CSULB students including the Art Theatre.

Although not considered "The Heights," the 14th Street and Park Avenue area offers safe, cheap and more-than-adequate bargains for students. The neighboring area of Jefferson Junior High School (between 7th and 8th Streets) still houses a few good finds.

PARK ESTATES:

Right at the Pacific Coast Highway entrance to the Park Estates tract, there are approximately two to three blocks of apartments. These units are nice, expensive, and hard to get into, especially if you are a student. Park Estates is ideal, however, because it is quiet, safe and about two minutes from school. Most of the apartments have pools, rec rooms and picky managers on the premises. A one-bedroom apartment rents from $275 to $300, a two-bedroom from $475 to $550.

LARGE COMPLEXES:

Stoneybrook, Atherton West and other large apartment facilities please neither the pocketbook nor the need for privacy. Many tenants at Stoneybrook complain that the complexes tend to run down quickly, and red tape in getting repairs made is a big hassle. Although large complexes usually offer such luxuries as saunas, jacuzzis and tennis courts, they are extremely noisy, and rent is high and ever-rising. Prices are expensive — $475 and up is average for a small dark two-bedroom apartment in a large complex.

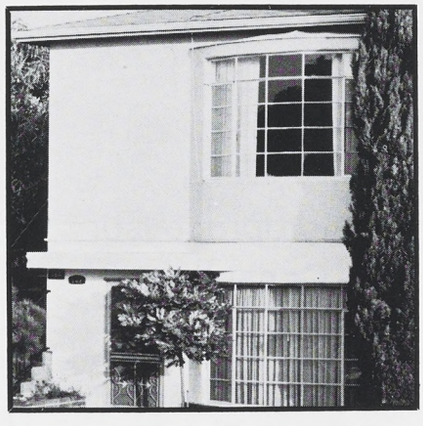
TRAFFIC CIRCLE:

There are two streets behind the Circle Racquetball Courts that have great two-bedroom units for under $300. Tenants living here pay from $225 to $325 for similar apartments. The price seems to depend upon how knowledgeable the landlord is to current rent rates in Long Beach.

Jacinto Street occasionally has cheap houses for rent, and is worth investigating. The area is safe and quiet except for the occasional faint squealing of brakes from the nearby Traffic Circle. There are many stores nearby, as well as the Long Beach Community Hospital. This is definitely a place to look.

LOS ALTOS:

Near the Los Altos Shopping Center, the area has quite a few blocks of inexpensive apartments in a good location. Los Altos is only three minutes away from lower campus, and landlords here rent to students. While you're looking, be sure to check all the side streets that branch off of Stearns Street in the area by the Crocker Bank and Lonnie's Sports and Ski Shop. These units are in the medium-price range; some are considerably cheaper than those in the Heights area.



Tradeoffs, tradeoffs . . . unfortunately that charm you're looking for has to be paid for.

NORTH LONG BEACH/
BIXBY KNOLLS:

Some students who live in this economical area complain of numerous thefts, but there are inexpensive security buildings on Pacific Avenue and Willow. A two-bedroom, two-bath goes for $315, and the savings compensate for the short freeway drive to campus. Most of the units in this location have pools, air conditioning and — get this, Belmont Shore — parking places. If you can find a secure place, you can save some money here. Bixby Road has some great buys ($375 for a beautiful two-bedroom duplex) in a charming area with trees and a park nearby.

SEAL BEACH:

This is a peaceful, personable town. The residents here are quiet, straight and don't want their "Cape Cod-esque" community overrun with rowdy students. It's also hard to find a cheap place here. Once the seaside bargain basement of Southern California, Seal Beach landlords have recently raised their rents to surpass those of Belmont Shores. You won't find a two-bedroom apartment for under $425, and the nicest places start at $500. Students can live cheaply on Dolphin Street, 7th Street and 13th Street, however, so it doesn't hurt to take a look.

Even in the older section of town, bargains are getting rare. The most promising deals are people's summer houses that are available to students during the winter months. This is ideal for college renters who return home every summer, but not too desirable for those who want to live here year-round. Because of the community's small size, everything is within walking distance—at least you can save on gasoline—but the stores close early, so late-night shoppers must drive out of town. Safety is not a big problem, but traffic tickets are—the town has a very active police force.

The best way to hunt for the Great Student Apartment is to get in your car and cruise. Hit the most out-of-the-way streets you can. The classified section of newspapers often list many places available in highly desirable areas, but these units may rent for as much as $75 more than those whose only means of advertisement is a sign on the front lawn. Landlords who advertise their available units in newspapers often use the services of a realtor, are realtors themselves, or are aware of the maximum rent they can get.

Fortunately, most of the landlords who don't advertise in newspapers don't agree with the rent hikes in Long Beach, which is why they use the sign-in-front method. "I know I can get $500 for my one-bedroom on the peninsula," said one landlady. "I think that's a ridiculous price to

Photo by Susan Grace

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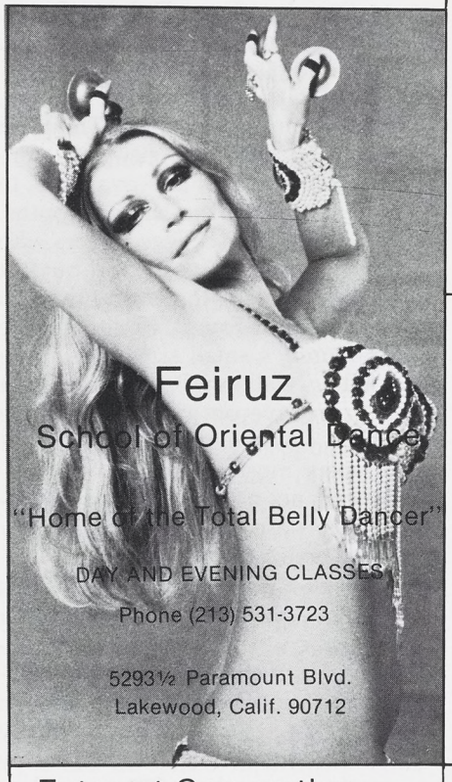

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CANDACE LEA LONG, MGR.

ask anybody to pay, even if they can afford it. Instead, I put up a sign, take about 15 applicants, and get myself a really good tenant who will stay put for awhile because his rent is $300 cheaper than his neighbor's."

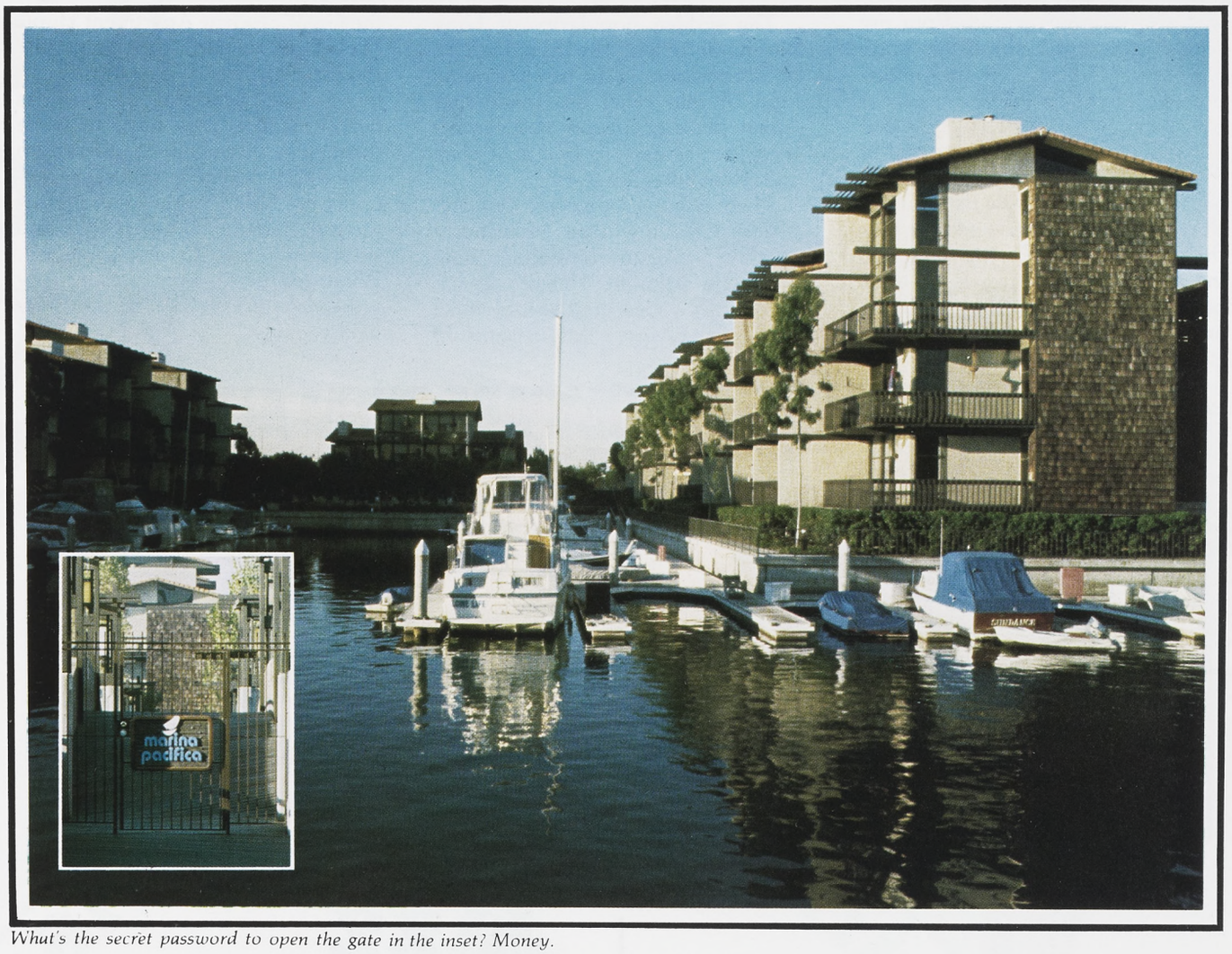
Private owners are easier to dicker with. If you really love their place, but not their price, many landlords will actually lower their rent, providing they love you too. As one Belmont Shore landlady said, "The guy that moved out lived under me for a year and a half. I charged him $325 for a two-bedroom, two-bath apartment. I just decided to re-rent for the same price. Before the day went by, at least three of my neighbors told me I was crazy to rent so low; I could get $400 for the place easily. So I raised the price, and rented it within 48 hours. If someone had haggled me about the rental fee, I would have lowered it, sure. I didn't need the extra $75. The tenant would have to be really nice, though."

One Belmont Heights landlord offered to lower my rent by $150 for the first six months I lived in the apartment, and then raise it $80 until I moved out. Although I decided not to take the apartment, his offer convinced me that, if you impress a self-managing landlord enough, haggling is the way to go.

When bartering for an apartment, tell the landlord that you don't feel the place is worth the asking price. Don't reveal that the money you will save thanks to his reduced price will be used to pay your car insurance. On the other hand, if the landlord seems gullible enough to believe a dirt-poor student's sob story, pour it on. Beg. Don't be afraid to use charm.

Your appearance really influences a landlord, so dress neatly. Most apartment owners consider an applicant's appearance to be a reflection of how he will maintain his apartment. "When an applicant shows up in gym shorts and a holey T-shirt, I usually rip up his application," said the manager of a duplex in the Los Alamitos area. "I assume the way a person dresses is the way he keeps house."

Landlords also take into consideration how personable you are. This doesn't mean you should seek to win the Long Beach congeniality award; just be polite and attentive. Have faith in your oratory powers.



What's the secret password to open the gate in the inset? Money.

They will work. "I listened to her blab, and I didn't dare yawn," said a CSULB student who wanted an elderly lady's one-bedroom apartment. "She went on forever about how she didn't feel right renting to a student. I was very attentive, nodded a lot, and assured her that she would be smart to rent to me. She did, and she is."

The time you spend with the landlord is crucial. If the place you choose is extra special, chances are that there will be several other applicants after the same apartment. Do what you must to prove worthy. (No, this does not include sleeping with the landlord.) If you are a young attractive male and she is female, then by all means, flirt. If they are a middle-aged, conservative couple, be as low-key as possible. Warn quiet landlords about your Bible study meetings you hold on Thursday evenings, and tell party-loving apartment owners about the vast extent of your Aerosmith collection. Tell *any* landlord that you hate moving with a passion, and all you want is a nice place to settle down in and concentrate on your studies for at least two years.

There are two things to watch out for when apartment-hunting that can make or break your living situation. One is the floor on which you choose to live; the other is whether the landlord lives on the premises or not. Upstairs apartments, without a doubt, are the better choice. If you are lucky enough to get one, you will appreciate not having to listen to footsteps and squeaky bedsprings. You are also better protected from thefts: the Long Beach Police Department states that 72 percent of apartment thefts occur in downstairs units.

Landlords who reside on the premises can be very handy for fixing leaky faucets and torn screens, but they can pose a problem if you are into Led Zeppelin and marijuana and they are not. If the landlord lives elsewhere, you'll find that you will be able to conduct your lifestyle with much more ease. Try to win his affection. It will make apartment life much easier, especially when repairs are needed.

If home fix-it is your forte, offer to manage the place. You'll take care of all the general repairs and landscaping, along with collecting rent. It never hurts to ask if the landlord needs a manager. Many landlords really appreciate this convenience and will give you a sizeable rent discount for your trouble. "I saved a hundred bucks in my rent by managing a 12-unit building," said one student. "All I did was collect the money and relay the renters' gripes to the landlord."

College students should be able to get past the worst landlords if they use a little ingenuity. One CSULB graduate had a lousy reputation with his former landlords, and his credit rating was even worse. Nevertheless, he got into a nice apartment with no problem. He lied. "I knew if this guy called up my old landlord, he would never rent to me. I had left my old place in a mess with three days notice when I decided to move back home two years ago. My rent

Photos by Craig Westerhoff

was always late, too. So, I put my buddy's name and number in place of the real landlord's on the application. I also put him as a reference. I warned my friend ahead of time that this guy might call, and he did. My friend told the landlord that I was a model tenant, and if he decided not to rent to me, to please tell me that there was a vacancy in my old building and he would love to have me back. The landlord fell for the hoax and rented to me."

The sudden popularity of Long Beach, along with the dismal failure of Proposition 13 to provide some kind of rent relief has made that "great place at a price you can afford" not as easy to find as it once was. Rent hikes are scary.

There is hope, however. One victorious CSULB student, luxuriously residing in an upstairs, one-bedroom Belmont Heights apartment with a view that would make Mary Tyler Moore jealous sums up the Great Student Apartment Hunt: "You have to think of it as getting the ideal girlfriend. You want it to be perfect; practical as well as beautiful. You may have to wade through a disco-full of riff-raff to find what you want, but you eventually do. I think of the landlord like the girl's parents. A little charm and persuasion has to be projected. What guy isn't going to eventually win over a girl's folks if he wants her badly enough?"

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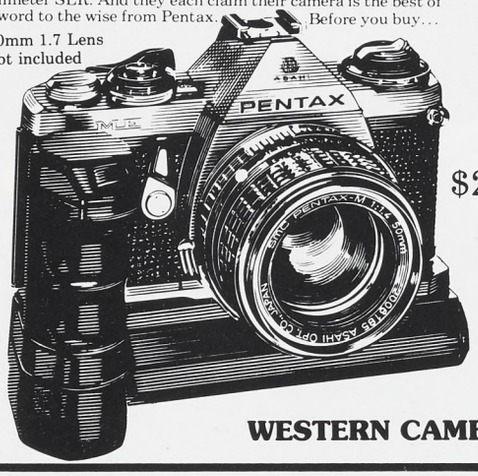

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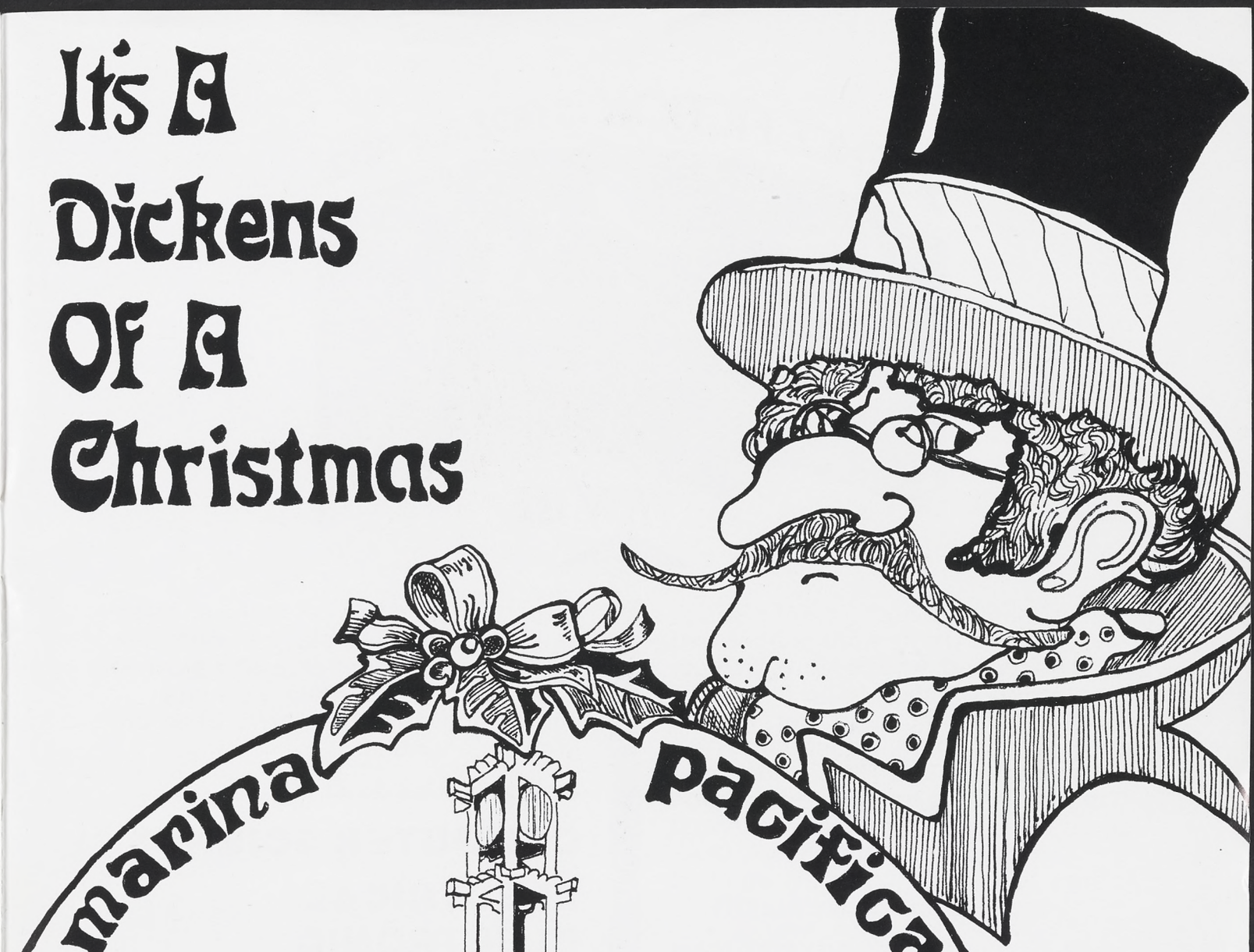

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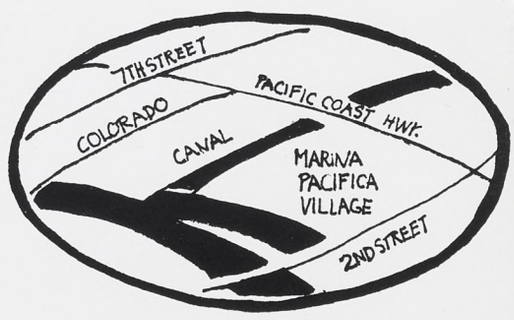

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